


THE REPERTORY THEATRE
A RECORD AND A CRITICISM
BY P. P. HOWE





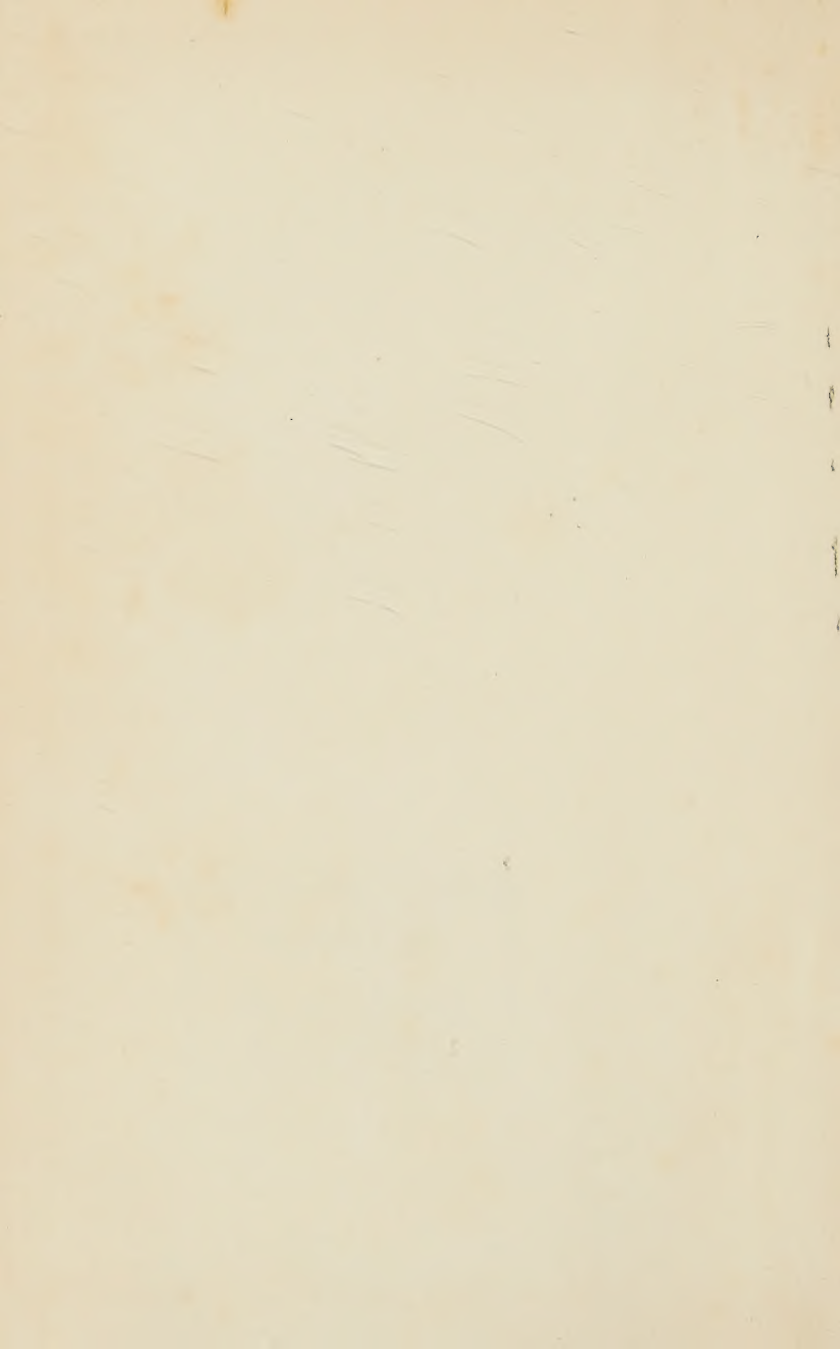
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THE
REPERTORY
THEATRE

*Thence I after dinner to the
Duke of York's Playhouse*

PEPYS

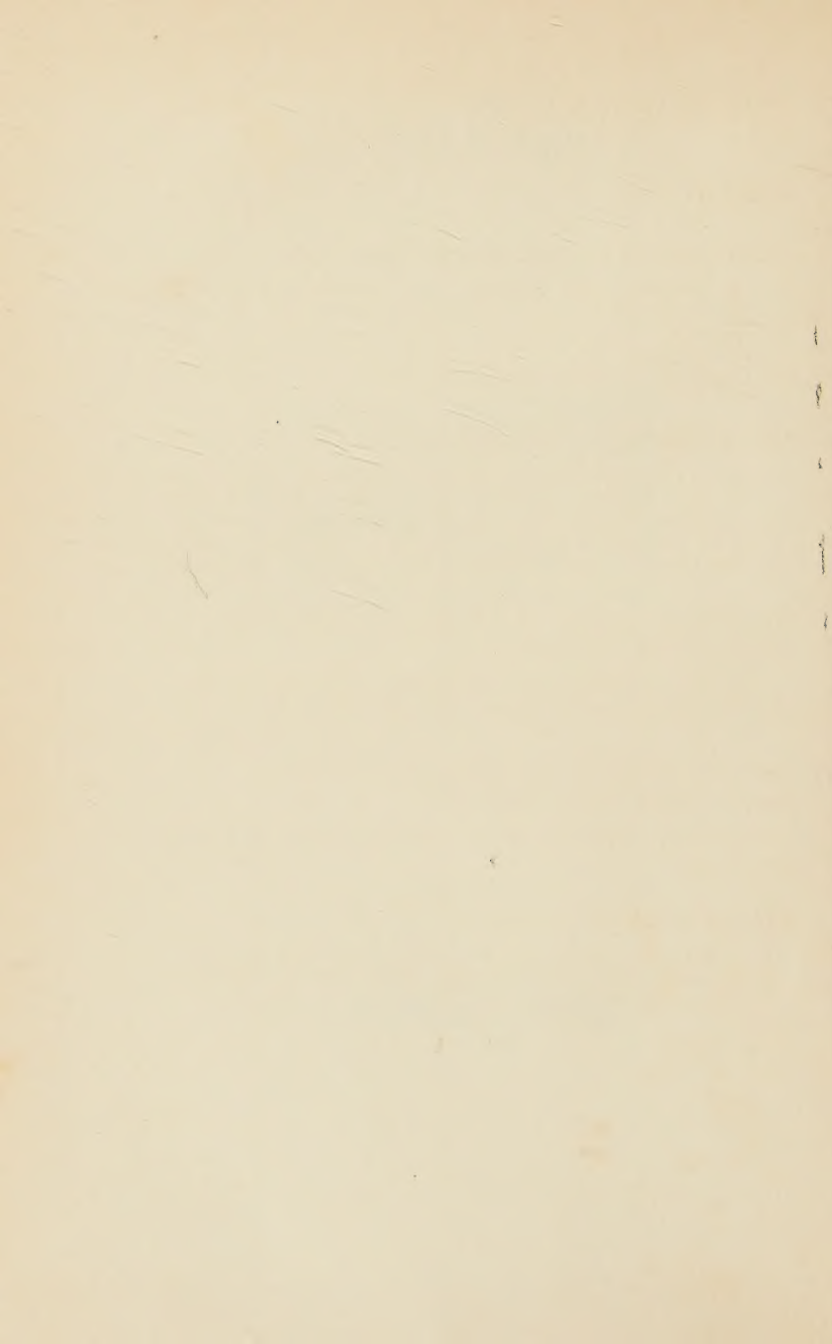
THE REPERTORY
T H E A T R E
A RECORD & A CRITICISM
BY P. P. HOWE

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FOREWORD

This small book sets out to do three things. One purpose it bears on its face, that of providing a souvenir of the most significant theatrical enterprise of recent times, Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre at the Duke of York's, for those who followed its season with enjoyment. An attempt is also made to view that season in relation to the parallel experiments in catering for "the good playgoer"—the phrase is Mr. Frohman's and there is no arrogance in it—at Dublin, at Manchester, at Glasgow, and at New York. The third thing that this book sets out to do is to trace in each of these experiments the impulse of what may be called the repertory idea, and to point to the most active and hopeful force at work in the theatre of to-day in what may be called the repertory spirit. It is to be hoped that a book which in its course will have a good deal to say about the unities, may be found to be not altogether lacking in a unity of its own.

Like most forewords, this was written last. The delay, however, has been unavailing, for up to the moment of writing no more definite news is forthcoming as to the future of Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre. Reference has been made to its "season": if in the light of subsequent events this should require to be amended to "first season," neither the record nor the criticism supplied under the first head need in any way be robbed of whatever value it may possess. Some

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appearance of ephemerality is unavoidable: it has seemed inadvisable to attempt to reduce this, and what the criticisms of the plays lose in authority through access not having been sought to manuscripts, they gain, maybe, in frankly remaining the week-to-week impressions of one who attended the Duke of York's Theatre with pertinacious sympathy.

This book, then, is a deliberate blow on behalf of the repertory theatre. In the nature of things there cannot be a great deal of force behind it; that must be supplied by more influential critics, by kindly disposed magnates, and above all, by the practical worker. May it prove well placed.

P. P. H.

September 24, 1910

CHAPTER ONE : THE REPERTORY IDEA

The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. JOHNSON

IN the queer nondescript world of the theatre—neither art nor trade—to-day is a time of unrest. It is even a time of change. The old unhasting dynasties find themselves less secure, new and ever younger reputations are made, new managements are essayed with a frequency which is equalled only by that with which they are abandoned, and there is a general disposition towards experiment in this world where of all worlds experiment is attended by most risk. Societies are formed by energetic young professionals for the purpose of devoting the evening of the seventh day to the same activity as the other six—if in form rather more congenial. New theatres spring up, each more palatial than the last, as often as not into a world which has no use for them, invaded as it is by the insistent music-hall. There is even talk of a New drama

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to put into them. Meanwhile in London the theatrical centre topographically has curiously shifted ; and—what is of greater significance—the proud predominance of London itself as the centre of the theatrical world has been rudely shaken by a growing disposition on the part of the provincial capitals to provide a drama for themselves. You will find no one to deny the unrest. The Censor summed up the situation very well when he told the Committee of both Houses of Parliament—itsself a very pretty symbol of the pass to which things have come—summoned to sit upon himself, “Every year almost, things crop up.”

There is no smoke without a fire. You will have less difficulty in finding someone to admit the activity, however, than to tell you what it is all about. The forces at work are chiefly two. There is the force which treats the theatre as a trade to be exploited to the greatest possible profit, and there is the force which treats the theatre as an art. It is the first force that is erecting the new palatial theatres which line, for example, Shaftesbury Avenue. It is the second

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force that is animating the new societies and one or two among the managements. Both are disposed towards experiment. These are the forces that are disturbing the theatre, which used to combine in itself something of them both, so long as it was secure in its half-world, untroubled by any too intimate relationship with the world of unrestrained commercial competition on the one hand or the world of artistic endeavour on the other.

Let us continue a little further a survey which shall be as dispassionate as may be. One fact presents itself at the outset, and that is that whilst capital—and mainly American capital—is being poured in ever increasing quantities into the London theatre, nothing or next to nothing is being done to render the theatre more attractive to the large public which stands aside from its activities—not because of any Puritanism (such people do not fall within the scope of our survey), nor because they are unwilling to be interested in the theatre, but simply and solely for the reason that they have grown tired of its even unintelligence and have reluctantly decided

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to take their pleasure elsewhere. What they have come to feel is the *irrelevance* of the theatre, as Solness and Hilda Wangel in the presence of a more vivid interest came to feel the irrelevance of books. It is not that the theatre fails entirely to discharge any of its functions; the majority of its public are probably very well satisfied, as they have always been very well satisfied, with what is provided for them. It discharges on the whole very well its function of providing, in the words of Mr. George Edwardes, "harmless entertainment, brightness, gaiety and amusement for the public"—all the more efficiently for the influx of American capital. But there is another public to whom Mr. Edwardes again has applied words—"the narrow-minded people who cannot admit that this is the main object of the theatre." For them the theatre provides nothing. Such of them as insist upon finding their employment or their pleasure in it, must cater for themselves and manage, as they have always managed, to secure just enough emotional and intellectual food to keep themselves from starvation. It is they who

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form the societies. There is the large public, however, that turns in despair from the theatre to other interests ; and this is a public, mark you, of potential playgoers. The one force at work in the theatre, which we have termed the commercial force, is doing little or nothing to tempt them back. The other force, whose impulse is an interest in the art of the theatre, is working in their direction, and is gathering strength every day ; but it finds so little of the field left to it and so many difficulties in its way. If you ask why there should be this antagonism between these two forces which are working for a large part of the distance along parallel lines, and why the commercial and the artistic impulses should be less reconcilable in the theatre than in any other of the arts, the answer lies in the fact of the different conditions governing the theatre ; and the fact is not fully appreciated until you appreciate the economic basis of the theatre.

Every art is a trade ; and every artist, unless he be himself a tradesman, must sell himself to a tradesman. It is no part of the purpose of

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this book to overlook the fact that playwriting and theatrical management are businesses like other businesses, depending for their support on the patronage of great numbers of very ordinary people—as Mr. Shaw has pointed out. The artist, in the customary course of events, does not find himself in possession of large quantities of capital, and capital is necessary if his products are to find their market. Now the theatre is the most composite of the arts, and in consequence the presentation of a work in the theatre is a more expensive business than in any other medium. In London, if you wish to present anything in a theatre, the item of ground-rent hangs like a mill-stone around your neck. You may have, as a first charge upon your enterprise, to pay a weekly rent of two hundred pounds for your theatre. The scenic setting of your play is an exceedingly costly business, and, in deference to the taste of the multitude depraved by a long orgy of ostentation, you may well spend as much per week upon shifting it and lighting it as you pay in salaries to your company of actors—another

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not inconsiderable item, with the "star" at his zenith. The conditions of the theatre, then, are such as to make it the monopoly of those possessed of considerable capital. It is the tragic tale of the modern social system that the artist has to deliver himself into the hands of the entrepreneur before he can attain self-expression ; but if anywhere the entrepreneur finds himself absolute master, it is in the world of the theatre.

Paying the piper, he calls the tune. The tune he naturally proceeds to call is the one which will bring him in the largest, most speedy, and most sustained return upon his capital, and that which is attended by a minimum of risk. Having set going a good thing, it will be his natural instinct to "work" it for all it is worth, and for as long as it will continue to show a satisfactory return upon his capital. In other words, the commercial force in the theatre is definitely and unreservedly in the direction of the "long run."

Now the artistic force in the theatre is turning in another equally definite direction. From the

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point of view of the artists concerned—including the author, if he set the preservation of the quality of his work above royalties—and from the point of view of the sympathetic public, it is coming to be realised that there is one thing to be opposed, and that is the running of a play to death. There must be a definite limit to the number of consecutive performances.

This idea of a theatre which shall make itself the home of a number of plays, providing for each the environment which shall enable it to retain its freshness and be always at its best, as an alternative to the system of devoting itself to one play after another and giving each the longest possible run that is consistent with popular support—this idea has brought the two forces in the theatre to a point of cleavage which is sharp and distinct. That is the significance of the repertory idea.

Before this significance is appreciated, it is necessary to examine a little more fully the conditions which govern the theatre and differentiate it from each of the other arts. Since it is also a trade, it must shape its policy

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in accordance with the general dictates of supply and demand. Take the comparison with literature, also a trade as well as an art. The output of literature is governed by supply and demand, and the supply of and the demand for journeyman romances and volumes of memoirs being alike unlimited, the market is occupied in the main by works of this order. But there is a demand, a steady and constant if limited demand, for works of other orders, and—this is the point to mark—the demand does get supplied. There is no remark more frequently made by publishers than that there is no money in poetry. The strictly limited demand for poetry does, however, get supplied. There is no reason to think that any taste for poetry is in an average season left starved or unsatisfied, and there is no sort of doubt whatever that any poet who is worth his salt sooner or later—it may take time—gets his work published. The same thing holds good to an even greater degree of prose fiction. The author may have his manuscript returned to him by nine publishers accompanied by a neat personal note to the effect that their reader's

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report "does not lead them to think the work will make a sufficiently wide appeal to justify them in embarking upon its publication"—but the tenth publisher will so embark. The reason is simple, and it is that the cost of producing a novel or poem in book form is not high. The publisher is not called upon to run the risk of bankruptcy with every book that he places on the market. If he were, if the cost of production had been not fifty or one hundred pounds, but two or three thousand, it is quite certain that the world would never have heard of Thomas Hardy or Henry James, and that Meredith would have been driven to abandon fiction, just as he was driven thirty years ago, after writing *The Sentimentalists* in delightful demonstration of the principles of the "Essay on Comedy," to abandon the stage.

Now to put a play on the market—partly owing to excessive rent, as a first charge to be met, partly owing to the depraved demand for lavish ostentation which has been fostered by the foolishness of managers, but largely by the nature and conditions of the composite art of the

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theatre—does cost two or three thousand pounds. If it so happened that every dramatic demand were satisfied by work corresponding, let us say, with the literary level of the novels of Mr. Rider Haggard, all would be well. At this level a public is assured of sufficient dimensions to make the venture financially possible, free from undue risk, and liable at even chances to prove extremely lucrative. The publisher, in all conscience, is forced by his weight of financial risk into ways that are straight and courses that are safe. But the twenty or thirty-power pressure of financial risk on the theatrical manager makes the gait of the publisher appear gay and tortuous by comparison. The theatre has been no place for initiative or for experiment, and of all the arts its endeavour has been to keep an abjectly subservient eye on “what the public wants”—a foolish trade shibboleth without meaning or efficacy, because the people who utter it are always the people who know least of the public, and who, as a result of their deductions from precedent and their overweening timidity, provide the public with what it “wants” in the

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form of something very much lower than it would enjoy if it were given it—as has been sufficiently demonstrated by some of the popular magazines of America. There is, however, no warrant whatever for believing that the dramatic demand is any less varied than the literary demand, or any more willing to accept work of one commercially safe type. There is every reason to believe that there are demands for types of dramatic fare other than those the mass of the public “wants”—or, in other words, than those the exigencies of the theatrical system allow its entrepreneurs to provide. And these demands under the system which at present rules, unlike such demands in the literary world, go largely unsatisfied.

It is just here that the repertory system comes in. Here is a system which evades the financial exigencies that rule the general theatre, which tends to remove the points of difference between the theatrical and literary worlds by enabling a play to make its appeal to its particular public over months instead of over weeks—taking it down from the shelf, as it were, just as a book is taken down—and which, by satisfying the

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demands that at present go unsatisfied, promises to reconcile to the theatre that large public which has come in despair to stand aloof.

There are people, of course, who challenge the need for any such new system. Look around you, they will say : by the theatre of commerce every sort of dramatic fare is provided, from *King Henry VIII* to *The Bad Girl of the Family*. If any public goes unsatisfied, it must be themselves who are to blame—they are impossibilists. What could a reasonable person wish for more than the variety provided by the twenty-three theatres in the west of London denominated first-class ? With Lord Newton and Mr. Walkley, they “consider the importance of the whole question has been very much exaggerated.” But what people who talk in this way have failed to observe is that exactly the same economic pressure is on every one of the twenty-three theatres. Not one of them is free from this insistent need to supply a safe article for a large public. The ground for complaint is that, because few people love Shakespeare but a great many love circuses, one is given a *King Henry VIII* in which Shakespeare’s

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admittedly small share is rendered invisible under the expensive ostentation of the trappings ; and one can positively get Shakespeare in no other way. One is given—because Mr. Frederick Melville is bent so intently upon getting home to the “great” heart of the people—a *Bad Girl* so very much worse than there is any need for even a melvillodrama to be. Everything tends to filter down to the level of the readiest possible popular acceptibility. In other words, in the economics of the theatre it is the man in the street who is the residual claimant.

It is always a heartening thing to observe how, in the conflict between ideas, the truth goes under to come up again and again until an opportunity proves favourable for it to become an accepted part of orthodoxy. You may be told that the repertory idea is not a new one, with this degree of justice, that few actors who have been through the mill have not acted in repertory in a country booth, and that every actor-manager at one time or another alternates his favourite parts in the course of a week by way of demonstrating his versatility. It was the repertory idea which in

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some degree animated the old stock company that was thrown on the scrap-heap by the touring system, and that now, in the whirligig of Time's revenges, is coming into its own again in the form of the provincial repertory theatre. If the repertory idea has succeeded in our own day in bringing the commercial and artistic forces in the theatre to a point of sharp and distinct cleavage, it is because the opportunity has proved favourable. The motive behind it is a new motive. A critic of altogether exceptional insight and sympathy, such as Hazlitt, may have perceived a century ago that it was the long-run system which ruined actors and plays and drove joy out of the theatre, but speaking generally the motive of securing a consecutive interest for intelligent people is a new motive. And the favourable opportunity has been provided by the advent of what we may call—the name is as good as another—the New Drama.

The “new” dramatic movement is the secession from the conventional theatre of those dramatic authors whose interest is in extending the scope of their art, in trying experiments, and in satis-

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fying their own sense of beauty and fitness—as the artist in every other medium is free to do—rather than in ensuring the highest commercial return by subscribing to the conventional ideal of the longest possible run for the safest possible play. A secession movement to be clearly apprehended and profitable wants to have something quite definite to secede from, and nothing could be more definite than the characteristics of the conventional theatre—it is marked by the limitations of the commercial mind, the system of long runs and star performers, and the censorship of the box-office (not to mention the censorship of the King's Reader of Plays. But that is by the way). The New Drama is marked by equally definite characteristics. Since it is in revolt against the whole system of commercial exigency which puts a demand on the dramatist that he shall say or do nothing to offend the tired mind of the average playgoer or to upset any one of his sentimental preconceptions regarding the theatre, it might be held that a play would qualify as belonging to the new movement by virtue of possessing any one of the character-

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istics which unfit it for performance in the commercial theatre. It is more useful, however, to regard the New dramatists as marked by two characteristics in particular: an increasing concern with the method of realism, and the possession of a literary sense.

These are just the two particulars in which revolt was inevitable. Demonstration is unnecessary, when one has only to ask the first of one's acquaintances the reason of his impatience with the theatre, to be reminded of the monotonous insistence with which the conventional drama of commerce multiplies by five the income of its protagonists before regarding them as fit to engage the attention of its patrons, of its "happy and undeniably matrimonial endings," of the distortion consequent upon the leading actor and actress leaping from the picture at every opportunity into the limelight, and of a hundred and one other absurdities that show all the artists concerned to be living in a theatrical world of their own and not in the natural world at all. One need not accuse Mr. Grundy, Mr. Carton or Mr. Haddon Chambers of being men of letters.

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At the head of the craftsmen of the theatre is Sir Arthur Pinero, from whose printed pages, with all the technical mastery and the fecundity of invention they display, one is still left to conclude a world of psychological distinction between a *Ha, ha!* and a *Ho, ho!* Not only does Sir Arthur exercise the art of literary notation within extraordinarily rigid limitations, but his characters are given to an indulgence in rhetoric and to a habit of generalising out of place, which pull one up constantly with the involuntary reflexion, "But people don't *do* these things." It is true that Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Jones for years, and Mr. H. H. Davies more recently, have submitted their plays to the literary test by issuing them in book form, but they have been read by the initiated and not by the public that had liked the plays in the theatre. If you doubt this, ask their publishers. No, the quality of being readable is a characteristic of the New dramatists, which they share with Sheridan and Goldsmith and Fielding and Congreve and Vanbrugh and Shakespeare—each a New dramatist in his day. The degree, however, in

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which the New Drama attempts to go one better than did these writers, just as in the matter of dramatic realism its endeavour may be said to be to go one better than Ibsen, was clearly stated by Mr. Shaw, in the first of his incomparable prefaces, to be—"the institution of a new art; and I daresay" (said he) "that before these two volumes are ten years old, the bald attempt they make at it will be left far behind, and that the customary brief and unreadable scene specification at the head of an act will have expanded into a chapter, or even a series of chapters." He foresaw, as a result, the production of works of a mixture of kinds, part narrative, part homily, part description, part dialogue, and (possibly) part drama. The question whether Mr. Shaw himself and Mr. Barker have since produced such works, "possibly part drama"—as some of the critics have suggested—may be left for consideration in a later chapter.

It will be remembered that Mr. Shaw, when he wrote of the New Drama of the early 'nineties, claimed to have manufactured the evidence. In writing of the New Drama of to-day one cannot

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allow Mr. Shaw the pleasantry, for only part of the evidence is of his manufacture. In those early days also there were others, such as Dr. Todhunter, with *The Black Cat* and *A Comedy of Sighs*, and Mr. W. B. Yeats ; but Mr. Shaw, challenging conventional standards with *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, and with *Arms and the Man* trying his own hand at the long run, was (as has been elegantly said) the symbol of the whole shindy. Neither Mr. Grein's Independent Theatre nor the New Century Theatre was successful in producing a crop of New dramatists. It was Ibsen, indeed, who was in reality the hero of the new departure, and it was during these years that he received the first devoted attentions of Miss Florence Farr, Miss Elizabeth Robins, Miss Janet Achurch, and Mr. Charles Charrington.

The Stage Society was formed to carry on the movement, but it is with the little body of dramatists who came into prominence at the Court Theatre during its three years' season that the New dramatic movement may most usefully be regarded as beginning. In the van are

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Mr. Granville Barker, the late St. John Hankin, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Masefield. The work of each of these authors has the characteristics of which mention has been made. It is Mr. Barker and Mr. Galsworthy who have done most at Mr. Shaw's new art of literary explication (excepting only Mr. Shaw himself); using their literary skill, be it noted, not only to convey more definite conceptions of the motives and conditions under which the characters act than could be made explicit in the dialogue, but also in general to impart by the literary accompaniment everything that in the theatre would be imparted by other means than speech—by the art, the personality, and even the make-up of the actor, by the skill of the producer, and so on. This is an accomplishment which has rendered it an extraordinarily simple matter to reproduce the emotions experienced in the theatre—not, of course, to produce them, for the printed page will never be capable of doing that. Of the writers who make only a limited use of this method, Mr. Hankin achieves dramatic realism in a very remarkable degree,

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and Mr. Masfield, while unswerving in his adherence to the method of realism, puts very little more than the French windows and the grey beard of the heroine's father into his stage directions, but gets an astonishing intrinsic literary quality into his plays.

Other workers in the New field are Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Charles McEvoy, Mr. S. L. Robinson and Mr. Padraic Colum—each of whom aims at dramatic realism in an increasing degree and has submitted his plays to the literary ordeal. There is also Miss Elizabeth Baker with *Chains*, carrying the method of realism so far that one doubts whether the dialogue, having undergone only the bare minimum of heightening and selection necessary to become dramatic, would successfully undergo the test of reproduction in black and white.

As for Mr. Shaw, he is still the symbol of much of the spirit of the revolt, the literary sense in his plays is superb and unflagging, but he is not a realist. He is of the New Drama—or, if you prefer, the New Drama is in a certain sense of him—but he is not in it. Mr.

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Shaw is a whole school in himself, and a bad master.

As a result, then, of this digression, we are in a position to perceive in what respect the New Drama provided the repertory idea with its opportunity, enabling it to divide those concerned in the theatre into men of business and men of letters with the same unerring certainty as did the Censorship issue. What drove into revolt the dramatists who were concerned to get life into the theatre was simply the fact that the long run and the "star" system between them made any further advance towards dramatic realism impossible. Added to this there was the fact that a play of which the word "literary" could be breathed was, *ipso facto*, suspect. This, as we have seen, did not in the same degree rob them of their audience, for their literary skill enabled them to present their plays through the second-best medium of the printed page. But as the way out of the first dilemma they were driven to adopt the system of the "short run," and this is what was done at the Court. The Court Theatre under Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker was not,

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in the strict sense of the term, a repertory theatre. The essence of its significance is that it was an exceedingly adroit and happily timed attempt, under the direction of a business man and an artist in partnership, at such a modification of the commercial system as would provide a home for the new drama of realistic and literary tendency which was being written. It succeeded in presenting these plays with such new and striking success as in the course of its season to establish a handful of dramatic reputations. It served as a revelation of what English acting could achieve when freed from the incubus of the star, and, most important of all, it succeeded in supplying that demand which the ordinary theatre failed to supply. The Court Theatre drew back to the theatre a public which hadn't been for years, and—a fact which is to be marked—it satisfied their demand in the regular market and in competition with the ordinary theatre of commerce.

It was not possible within the limits of the Court Theatre enterprise to give the repertory idea full play. Its principle was to present a play for a strictly limited number of performances. By

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giving in combination with these performances bi-weekly matinées of another play, however, it did in practice ensure that few weeks passed without more than one item in the bill. Neither were the actors strictly drawn from a repertory company, but there was a spirit animating the whole of the work of the theatre, plays and players alike, which we shall not go far wrong in regarding as the repertory spirit. A repertory of plays was steadily acquired and a number of them were the subject of periodic revival. It was on Mr. Barker's experience at the Court Theatre that he was able to base his subsequent advocacy of the repertory idea ; and it was, without doubt, the example and inspiration of the Court Theatre which set going four of the five experiments in repertory which it is the purpose of the next chapter to examine.

What has been claimed in this chapter for the repertory idea is that in the queer world of the theatre it helps to solve a particular economic problem and a particular artistic problem ; and that the most significant thing in the drama of to-day—the movement which aims at getting life

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into the theatre—provides it at once with its justification and its opportunity.

It will be as well before passing on to turn our attention for a moment to the theatre of the Continent, in which the repertory idea to a considerable extent already rules ; and it will also be as well if in doing so we are enabled to define a little more closely than has been done already what we mean by the repertory idea.

It will have been appreciated that it is the intention of this book to confine its preliminary survey to dramatic conditions in this country and to experiments in the establishment of an English-speaking repertory theatre. What Matthew Arnold urged as the organisation of the theatre is one of those matters they order better abroad ; and, having once admitted this and recognised that the new dramatic movement is of necessity in great part an attempt to catch up with the Continent, it is better that we should keep our eye on our own problems. In the matter of the repertory idea, however, we may get valuable guidance from any one of the theatres—the

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Comédie-Française, the Burgtheater in Vienna, the National Theatre in Christiania, the Berlin Schauspielhaus—where it has been put into familiar operation. It will be sufficient for our purpose to glance at the method and record of the Comédie-Française.

Mr. William Archer, writing before the repertory movement in this country had really begun, and with his eye chiefly on the subventioned theatres of the Continent, stated the essentials of such a theatre as follows :

When we speak of a repertory, we mean a number of plays always ready for performance, with nothing more than a "run through" rehearsal, which, therefore, can be, and are, acted in such alternation that three, four or five different plays may be given in the course of a week. New plays are from time to time added to the repertory, and those of them which succeed may be performed fifty, seventy, a hundred times, or even more, in the course of one season ; but no play is ever performed more than two or three times in uninterrupted succession.

The Comédie-Française is run in all these respects upon the repertory system. It will be of interest to summarise the plays given during the year 1909. They were one hundred and fifteen in number ; eighteen of these were presented for

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the first time, and the remainder were of the permanent body of plays, or *répertoire courant*.* The new plays were given for a number of performances ranging from sixty-one (M. Hervieu's *Connais-toi*) and thirty-three (M. Berton's *La Rencontre*) to one, according to demand. No revival was given for more than thirty-two performances. In all four hundred and sixty-five performances were given, for the theatre was closed for only four days in the year ; as a rule there are nine performances in the week, including Thursday and Sunday matinées. Since 1901 there have been no fewer than two hundred and eighty-two plays added to the repertory, of which one hundred and twenty-four have been produced for the first time.

This varied body of plays is presented by the permanent company, sociétaires and pensionnaires, numbering last year sixty-five—thirty-six actors and twenty-nine actresses. Some members of the company play as many as twenty and thirty parts in the year, but these are the smaller performers. Six or eight would be nearer the

* For specimen week's repertory of the Comédie-Française, see Appendix Two.

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average for the principals. The uniform excellence of the acting does not require record here ; no one habituated to the ordinary theatre of commerce, who has paid even a single visit to the Comédie-Française, can have failed to appreciate its different spirit.

The repertory theatres of the Continent, then, conform to Mr. Archer's definition of the repertory idea, and in accordance with it they allow a play to "run"—that is to say, to take advantage of the initial impetus given to it by a successful production—but not to run uninterruptedly. It must not be played eight times a week, but at most, say, five times. Perhaps the definition of most general application is Mr. Archer's—"that no piece must be acted more than two nights consecutively. Thus the success of the moment may be given on (say) Monday and Tuesday and on Thursday and Friday evenings, and, perhaps, at a Saturday matinée ; but other pieces of the repertory will be given on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, and at the Wednesday matinée. The actual days, of course, matter nothing^s : the essential point is the principle of

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alternation. It has, among other advantages, three very great ones : it keeps the actors fresh ; it keeps their faculties supple by giving them variety of employment ; and it keeps what may be called the literature of that particular theatre alive. At the long-run theatres, a play is exhausted and thrown away like a squeezed orange ; at repertory theatres many plays enjoy years, decades, one might even say centuries, of life, seldom disappearing entirely from the bills for any length of time." A glance at the repertory of the Comédie-Française will confirm this.*

So much for the subventioned or endowed repertory theatre of the Continent. With this passing glance at an actual and established outcome of the repertory idea—which it would have been invidious to have given in a chapter devoted to experiments—we may proceed to consider the attempts, for the most part unendowed, at a solution of the economic and artistic problems of

* A. Joannidès: "La Comédie-Française de 1680 à 1900" (Dictionnaire général des pièces et des auteurs).

A. Joannidès: "La Comédie-Française, 1909."

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the theatre inspired by the idea in this country ; as a preliminary to our consideration of the degree in which a solution is provided in the record of Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre at the Duke of York's.

CHAPTER TWO : EXPERIMENTS IN REPERTORY

We wish to throw the fault of most of our objections on the managers . . . They have spun him tediously out in every character, and have forced him to display the variety of his talents in the same instead of different characters . . . Why not bring him out at once in a variety of characters, as the Dublin managers have done ? It does not appear that either they or he suffered by it. It seems, by all we can find, that versatility is, perhaps, Mr. Kean's greatest excellence. Why, then, not give him his range ? Why tantalize the public ? Why extort from them their last shilling for the twentieth repetition of the same part instead of letting them make their election for themselves of what they like best ? It is really very pitiful. HAZLITT

REPERTORY in this country spells the name of Miss A. E. F. Horniman. The great point about Miss Horniman is that while other people have talked about doing things, she has done them. It was she who provided the necessary capital for Miss Florence Farr's memorable season at the Avenue Theatre, when *Arms and the Man* "passed for a success," and the first step in the New dramatic movement was taken. It was Miss Horniman who, when people had talked for twenty-five years about a

DUBLIN

repertory theatre, *did* something at Dublin in 1903. That was the first repertory theatre in the English-speaking world. In 1907 Miss Horniman again did something at Manchester, and it is with the Gaiety Theatre enterprise that her name has come to be particularly associated. Her general idea there has been to establish a repertory theatre on the same plan as is in other countries carried out by the aid of the state or the municipality.

In the express desire for "something better than the ordinary play of commerce," the Irish Literary Theatre was founded in 1898 under the auspices of the National Literary Society, which Mr. W. B. Yeats had founded seven years before. Its avowed attempt was to do in Dublin something of what had been done in London by the Independent Theatre and in Paris by M. Antoine's Théâtre Libre, and it had as little of a commercial ambition. Its concern was with "plays that are literature." In the beginning English actors were brought over to play in them, and at the first production, Mr. Yeats' *Countess Cathleen*, Miss May Whitty,¹ Miss Florence Farr and Mr. Trevor Lowe

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were in the cast, with Miss Farr as general manager and Mr. Ben Webster as stage manager. In 1901 performances were given by Mr. W. G. Fay's little company of Irish amateurs, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company and then the Irish National Theatre Society. It was this company which brought to the St. George's Hall, London, in May 1903, *The Hour-Glass* and *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* of Mr. Yeats, and Lady Gregory's *Twenty-Five*. The refreshing quality of their simple and sincere art came as something of a revelation of what might be done in the theatre with a limited expenditure by a company intent upon doing good work. Miss Horniman acquired the lease of the Abbey Theatre, rebuilt it, and gave the Irish National Theatre Society its free use. From 1904 to the present year Miss Horniman has in addition given the society a small annual subsidy.

Thus has come into being the Abbey Theatre, the repertory theatre of Ireland, and the only theatre in any English-speaking country—as Mr. Yeats was able to write in 1908—"that is free for a certain number of years to play what it thinks

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worth playing, and to whistle at the timid." The directors claim that they "have already created a taste for sincere and original drama, and for sincere, quiet, simple acting."

One has only to pay a visit to the Abbey Theatre to see that this claim is made with justice, and it would not be possible to commend any experience more full of instruction in the repertory idea. Started, as we have seen, with the primary intention of furthering the Irish literary movement, the Abbey Theatre has in six years achieved an even higher general level of technical accomplishment in its acting than in its drama.

Varied as have been the plays added to its repertory from the time when Mr. George Moore and Mr. George Russell were writing for it to the day when it was enabled to step in and save Mr. Shaw from the Censor, the first concern of the Irish National Theatre has been with the creation of a folk-drama.* These plays are such as spin themselves out of the everyday contact of ordinary folk; it is a considering of the folk in relation to the hayfork which, maybe,

* Appendix Two.

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gets them together and sets them talking, letting the imagination play softly upon them—just as does a child's—that makes the drama, and not at all a devising of situations and of conflicts. That is, in part, how the acting is enabled to be so naturalistic. One is refreshed by feeling that here are none of the theatrical conventions. It is the talk that matters; the wonderful rippling talk that this company knows so beautifully how to give.

But it must not be supposed that there is not in the Irish dramatic movement that care for fine construction without which, as Mr. Yeats himself has laid down, one has not drama. In the late J. M. Synge the Abbey Theatre produced a dramatist of the very highest achievement and significance. It is to his work that one goes for that wonderful blending of poetry and realism which is the Irish Theatre's peculiar achievement. The extraordinary fascination of the mingled beauty and ugliness of *The Playboy of the Western World* is intensified by the excellence of its stagecraft. Mr. George Moore has called this play the most significant of the last two hundred years, and his judgment finds increasing acceptance.

Riders to the Sea is as simply moving a little tragedy as any in existence, and in translation it has already passed into the European repertory. *In the Shadow of the Glen* and *The Well of the Saints* are full of the bitter-sweet beauty that Synge found in life, and have all his characteristic perfection of form and richness of language—"every word as fully flavoured as a nut or apple." The commercial theatre could have—indeed, did have—no use for J. M. Synge. Yet in the repertory of the Abbey Theatre he is steadily finding his way to popularity.

Synge is the genius of the Irish Theatre. Lady Gregory has written more plays for it than any other one dramatist, and may be called its comic genius. There are no bounds to her observation of the comicalities of Irish low-life character, nor to her expedient for setting and keeping her people talking. In addition, she has been successful in putting very simply and sincerely upon the stage something of the tragedy of Irish life—notably in *The Gaol Gate*. Of the comedies, *The Image*, in three acts, shows Lady Gregory at her best. *The Rising of the Moon* is a perfect little sentimental

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comedy : sometimes in her one-act plays the effect of compression is to turn comedy into farce. Mr. Boyle is of the school of Lady Gregory, without so much technical accomplishment. There is a younger school of dramatists who are concerning themselves more directly with the method of realism. Mr. Padraic Colum is one of these ; and there is sufficient suggestion of vivid truthfulness in Mr. S. L. Robinson's *Harvest* to make this a play of considerable promise.

There is always Mr. W. B. Yeats, whose enthusiasm never deserts the Abbey Theatre, and whose work makes it the one home in these islands of the poetic drama.

So much for the drama of the Abbey Theatre. The spirit in which the theatre has been administered has had the great virtue of attracting to it the work of many young and promising writers and that of one dramatist of supreme ability ; but what must be regarded as its most characteristic plays and those in which the national character is most marked—pre-eminently those of Lady Gregory—have a quality of simple artlessness which has done something to conceal the very high level of

technical accomplishment achieved in the acting under the inspiration of the repertory idea. To regard this as artless is to do it injustice. For its uniformity and perfect ensemble it owes something to the early influence of Mr. Frank Fay. But its characteristic charm is that within these qualities there is a resolute individualism, and that suggestion of personality which is always present in the finest acting and scarcely ever in the acting stereotyped by the commercial theatre.

The Abbey Theatre is served by a remarkable little company of actors, with an art of their own of which they are complete masters, and they are informed with an altogether admirable spirit. The Irish National drama is indeed fortunate in the possession of such actors as Miss Sara Allgood, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Mr. Fred O'Donovan, Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, and Miss Maire O'Neill.

They are the most accomplished and exemplary of repertory companies. Since 1903 they have had three short seasons in London (in addition to two special performances of *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet* before the Stage Society). During their four weeks' season at the Court Theatre

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last June, they presented twenty plays by seven authors*—six in three acts, two in two acts, and twelve one-act plays—in every instance the acting being in the hands of the same little company.

The company performs in Dublin for four months in the year, tours Ireland north and south and west, and pays regular visits to Oxford, Cambridge, Manchester, Glasgow, and Leeds, as well as to London. The prices at the Abbey Theatre range from three-shilling stalls to six-penny seats in the pit; these latter are now regularly filled, the stalls not so regularly. Special subscription tickets are issued for a series of productions. It will be noted that the theatre is a subsidised theatre. Miss Horniman's lease is running out this year; the directors are purchasing the theatre from Miss Horniman and they have issued an appeal for five thousand pounds, with which amount in hand against contingencies, they hope for another period of six years to be enabled to whistle at the timid.†

* Appendix Two.

† If a footnote can lend any additional emphasis to this appeal, it may well be suffered here. Enough money (£1900) has been saved to take over the Abbey Theatre

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The Abbey Theatre has already inspired similar attempts at Belfast and at Cork, which may be regarded as in the stage of development reached by the Dublin Theatre six years ago. The Ulster Literary Theatre has in seven years produced twelve plays, and in Mr. Lewis Purcell and Mr. Rutherford Mayne possesses considerable dramatists.

Mention may next conveniently be made of the Court Theatre experiment, which cannot be held to have in any way inspired the Irish movement—although initiated some three months before the opening of the Abbey Theatre—but whose influence over the experiments at Manchester and Glasgow is beyond question. In 1904 the Court Theatre was in the possession of Mr. J. H. Leigh, who was giving a series of very intelligent Shakespearian revivals, and his manager was

and to pay for a new Patent. Of the further five thousand pounds asked for—a sum which, while it would hardly support a London theatre of commerce for a season, will suffice for half a dozen years to endow the how different art of the Abbey Theatre—half has been forthcoming. Lady Tennant, 34 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W., is Treasurer to the fund.

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Mr. J. H. Vedrenne. In February Mr. Granville Barker—already a young man marked by the discerning for good work in the commercial theatre under Mrs. Patrick Campbell and other managements, for a brilliant impersonation of Richard II at an Elizabethan Stage Society performance at Burlington House, and for his record in the Stage Society, producing his own *Marrying of Ann Leete* and other plays, and creating the part of the poet in Mr. Shaw's *Candida*—was invited to produce *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. He did so, himself playing Launce. Out of his association with Mr. Vedrenne came a series of six matinée performances of *Candida* in May of that year, and out of these performances came the Vedrenne-Barker management of the Court Theatre. This was initiated in October with Mr. Gilbert Murray's translation of the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, in which Mr. Barker succeeded in electrifying the house by a wonderful piece of pure declamation in the small part of the henchman—for Mr. Barker already had the root of the repertory spirit in him.

The Court Theatre, however, cannot usefully

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be regarded at any period of its three years season as a repertory theatre. It gave 988 performances of thirty-two plays by seventeen authors; but 701 of these performances were of eleven plays by one author, Mr. Shaw. It cannot be said that this record comes wholly within the definition of a repertory theatre—that its selection of plays shall be wide and the revival of each of them frequent and regular. The Court was, if you like, a Shaw Repertory Theatre, in forecast of the Shakespeare National Theatre which is to come. But neither was it run with a stock company of actors, as, for example, we shall see later on was the case at the Duke of York's. What the Court Theatre was, in the fullest sense, was an experimental theatre. With perfect justification—since here was the one British dramatist of European and American reputation with a sheaf of plays for which no single British theatre had any use—it tried the great experiment of presenting Mr. Bernard Shaw for a run, and with brilliant success. In addition it succeeded in giving encouragement to a little school of writers—Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Hankin, Mr. Mase-

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field, Miss Elizabeth Robins, and Mr. Barker himself—whose work constitutes to-day the most significant movement in the British drama. Its runs never degenerated into long runs, as in one or two instances there was every temptation for them to do ; never even in the instances of *You Never Can Tell* and *Man and Superman*—which might have outrun *His House in Order*—exceeding six weeks. In Mr. Barker's own words, when he came to sum up the record :

“The first thing we did was to struggle against the long-run system, partly because we wanted to produce a lot of plays, and partly because we disagreed with it. It is bad for plays and bad for acting.”

The Court Theatre never lost sight of its opposition to the ordinary theatre of commerce—its duty to be different, its function of supplying the demand that the commercial theatre left unsatisfied. Incidentally—and this is a fact of enormous significance—Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker paid their way. Their experiment proved the commercial feasibility of an artistic theatre ; and

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it bridged the gulf between commerce and art in the difficult world of the theatre, which people said could never be done, and which it is one of the purposes of this book to show in process of being done.

It was this very degree of financial success which prompted the removal of the Vedrenne-Barker management to the larger and more central sphere of the Savoy Theatre, where more direct battle might be given. Here from September 16, 1907, to March 14, 1908, admirable work was done on the same lines as at the Court. The plays presented were *Man and Superman*, *The Devil's Disciple*, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, *You Never Can Tell*, and *Arms and the Man*, by Mr. Shaw ; the *Medea* of Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray ; and Mr. Galsworthy's *Joy*. A licence was refused by the Censor to Mr. Barker's *Waste*, and the consequent disappointment seemed to be instrumental in breaking up the rather specialised matinée audiences. Indeed the compact, convinced adherents of the Court were a little lost in the larger Savoy and in the atmosphere of the adjacent Strand. The curtain fell, however, on the last

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performance of the season to the accompaniment of extraordinary and determined enthusiasm.

A side issue of this enterprise was the simultaneous Vedrenne-Barker tenancy for some weeks of the Queen's Theatre with *The Devil's Disciple* (where Mr. Barker played Dick Dudgeon instead of General Burgoyne). In May and June 1908, a series of Vedrenne-Barker matinées was given at the Haymarket Theatre in conjunction with Mr. Frederick Harrison. The plays presented were Mr. Shaw's *Getting Married*, Mr. Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*, and *The Chinese Lantern* by Laurence Housman and Joseph Moorat. As Mr. Shaw has remarked, one's final impression of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker was that they had conquered the greater part of the West End. In addition they sent out admirable touring companies in *You Never Can Tell* and *Arms and the Man* (Mr. Barker for a time playing Bluntschli in the latter). But the conquest of the West End was not to be just yet.*

* The Vedrenne-Barker management to the end of the Court tenancy has its historian in Mr. Desmond MacCarthy,

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The significance of the Court Theatre and its related activities is in the immense impetus they gave to the whole movement in this country towards an intelligent theatre. We have seen how the Court was informed throughout with the repertory spirit, although not qualifying in the letter. Its achievement in establishing a school of new writers whose concern is with the method of realism, and in demonstrating that there was a public for the New Drama, was the direct encouragement of Miss Horniman's establishment in Manchester in 1907 of "the first repertory theatre in Great Britain."

Miss Horniman opened her campaign in September at the Midland Theatre with a performance of *David Ballard*, by Charles McEvoy—a play of lower-middle-class life with the right,

"The Court Theatre, 1904-1907." The production by Mr. Barker for a series of matinées in March 1909 at the Duke of York's Theatre of Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife* (subsequently transferred for evening and matinée performances to the Haymarket and the Adelphi) may be noted here as the link between Mr. Barker's association with Mr. Vedrenne and with Mr. Charles Frohman.

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perhaps, to the name of the first "realistic play" to be attempted in this country, which had been produced by the Stage Society in the spring of that year. During the five weeks' season which followed, eight plays were performed, each for the first time in Manchester. At the outset, it was stated that the new movement was aiming at the establishment of the following things :

- (a) A repertory theatre with a regular change of programme, not wedded to any one school of dramatists but thoroughly catholic, embracing the finest writing of the best authors of all ages and with an especially widely open door to present-day British writers, who will not now need to sigh in vain for a hearing, provided only that they have something to say worth listening to, and say it in an interesting and original manner.
- (b) A permanent Manchester stock company of picked front-rank actors.
- (c) Efficient production.
- (d) Popular prices.

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In the spring of 1908, Miss Horniman purchased the Gaiety Theatre, and after a short spring season there, practically rebuilt it to fit it for its new purpose. The enterprise in its full form may be regarded as beginning with the reopening in September.

In a period of little over two years the Gaiety Theatre has built up a repertory of plays which, in whatever other respect we may find the theatre fail in the strict letter of the term, must earn for it first place amongst repertory theatres.* Without the aid of state or municipality, Miss Horniman has succeeded in making her theatre the home of a varied and representative company of plays—the primary purpose of a repertory theatre. Fifty-five plays have been produced—twenty-eight new, seventeen revivals of modern English plays, five modern translations, and five classics. Not the Comédie Française can show a repertory more admirable in balance.

A taste of this “thoroughly catholic” repertory of plays and of the quality of their interpretation was provided by the visit of Miss Horniman’s

* Appendix Two.

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Company to London in June 1909. Eight full-length plays were given, together with six new plays in one act, during three weeks' season at the Coronet Theatre.* Occasional visits are paid to other centres, such as Oxford, Dublin, Glasgow, Birmingham, &c., where a similar repertory of plays is presented.

It is to be noted, however, that the system of the Gaiety Theatre is to present each play for a run of one week. The theatre is, therefore, in this respect a short run theatre like the Court, and not in the fullest sense of the term a repertory theatre. The runs are shorter than those at the Court, exceeding the week only in one or two specific instances, such as Mr. Galsworthy's *Strife* and *Justice*—elaborate productions which have met with great popularity—and at special Christmas seasons. It is Miss Horniman's experience that there is a special audience for each night in the week, and that, accustomed as the provincial public is to the system of a week's run of a play, the nightly variation of bill would lead to confusion. With a strict adherence to this short run,

* Appendix Two.

and the production of a new play or the reproduction of one in the repertory each week, the claim is made that the evils of the long run system and of the star system are being quite as effectively combatted; the habits of the Manchester public are better suited and consequently the receipts are more steady; the system is more economical in the working; and the full repertory of plays is drawn upon quite as quickly.

In the matter of acting, the repertory idea is allowed full play. There is a permanent stock company, from which each play is cast, but there is no rule against adding to the company for the requirements of a particular play—as, for example, when Miss Sara Allgood came from the Abbey company to play Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. The repertory spirit is plainly in evidence in the willingness of each member of the company to make a good thing of the smallest part, and their excellent ensemble. Mr. Lewis Casson, Miss Sybil Thorndike, and Miss Penelope Wheeler were members of Miss Horniman's Company, and we shall find them playing their parts in the repertory company at the Duke of York's. Mr.

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Jules Shaw, Miss Clare Greet, Miss Mona Limerick and Mr. Charles Bibby have done good work. The plays are produced by Mr. Iden Payne, who is Art Director to the theatre.

The theatre, having been constructed with an eye to perfectly fulfilling its purpose, is notably satisfactory in its arrangements before and behind the stage. The prices, in view of the imminent general reform, are interesting: Boxes, two guineas, one guinea, and twelve and sixpence; stalls, three shillings; dress circle, five, four and three shillings; pit stalls, half-a-crown; upper circle, two shillings and one-and-sixpence; pit, one-and-sixpence and one shilling; gallery, sixpence. The claim is made that this is the only theatre in this country where every seat in the house from dress circle to gallery may be booked in advance; and seats may be specially retained for all plays.

At the outset Miss Horniman said: "I want the scheme to be a financial success. I want to see plays produced that will be worth paying to see." The real test of an enterprise such as this lies in the first two years. The Gaiety is now entering upon its fourth year with a prestige that is

STOCKPORT

steadily growing, and it may be said confidently that any possibility of disaster has been passed.

No account of the repertory theatre movement as it affects Manchester would be complete without some mention of the activities of that surprising company of amateurs, the Stockport Garrick Society, which in the course of its nine seasons has given twenty-nine plays—nine Shakespeare, four Ibsen, four Shaw, two Sheridan, a Hauptmann, and amongst others *Monna Vanna* and *The Playboy of the Western World*. Although as an amateur society, giving occasional performances, it does not fall strictly within the scope of this book, it is impossible not to see in this record evidence of the same spirit which is at work in the professional theatre, and the Stockport Garrick Society is as clearly differentiated from the ordinary amateur society as is the repertory theatre from the ordinary theatre of commerce. Moreover, it has to some extent put the repertory idea into practice, since it keeps its plays available for further presentation, and during its annual tenancy of the Stockport Theatre Royal will play *An Enemy of the People* and *Othello*, for example,

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on the same day. Indirectly the Society's championship of the repertory idea is persistent, and its members—who number as many as three hundred and fifty—form an invaluable nucleus of the Gaiety Theatre audience. Mr. Edwin T. Heys, manager to Miss Horniman, was the first secretary of the Society when—surprising from its outset—it broke away from a Unitarian Sunday School “for the purpose of studying and giving performances in dramatic literature.” Its achievement and its promise are of the greatest significance to the repertory theatre and to the future of the drama, for without first you have the good playgoer—such as they are cultivating in Stockport—the good play and the good theatre may be whistled for in vain.

In writing of some wild, queer farce of the period, which presented the customary stage types of both nationalities, Hazlitt drops the remark that the Irish character is much more adapted for the stage than is the Scotch. The Scotch character depends, says he, on a calculation of consequences, even as in the brogue

"every syllable is held fast between the teeth, and kept in a sort of undulating suspense, lest circumstances should require a retraction before the end of the sentence." This was hardly, he suggested, the temperament or the speech for the theatre. Times have changed, however, if they have done nothing to soften certain native dissonancies of the Scottish tongue. The Scotch people to-day, it is said, are a nation of playgoers ; and when a movement in Glasgow to become independent of the London touring company resulted in the formation of the Scottish Playgoers Company, Limited, and the adoption of the repertory idea, it was with a very happy "calculation of consequences."

For the Scottish Repertory Theatre, opened at the Royalty in April, 1909—of which Mr. Alfred Wareing is the moving spirit and Director—has achieved a remarkable success.

The objects of the Scottish Playgoers' Company were stated in the Prospectus to be :

- (1) To establish in Glasgow a Repertory Theatre which will afford playgoers and those interested in the drama an opportunity of

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witnessing such plays as are rarely presented under the present Touring Company system.

- (2) To organise a Stock Company of first-class actors and actresses for the adequate representation of such plays.
- (3) To conduct the business of Theatrical Managers and play producers in Glasgow and other places, so as to stimulate a popular interest in the more cultured, important and permanent forms of dramatic art.
- (4) To encourage the initiation and development of a purely Scottish Drama by providing a stage and an acting company which will be peculiarly adapted for the production of plays national in character, written by Scottish men and women of letters.

The aim of the Company was also excellently and suggestively stated to be to render to the drama the same kind of service as the Scottish Orchestra Concerts have rendered to music ; and for the designing of scenery and costumes the

GLASGOW

theatre had from the outset the co-operation of the Glasgow School of Art. The aims, indeed, were from the outset conspicuous for their clearness; prominent amongst them was the fostering of local and national interest in the drama, so that Glasgow should be independent of the touring drama London might please to send it. Conspicuous, also, was the intention of the enterprising Director to give the repertory idea as complete and spirited a trial as the available means would allow.

The financial record of this "Citizens' Theatre" is full of instruction. The Company proceeded to allotment with a little over one thousand pounds subscribed, and at the end of the first season of seven weeks this capital was all but exhausted. Nine plays had been given, three entirely new, and others by Ibsen, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Bennett; and so undoubted had been the artistic success achieved that the enthusiastic shareholders more than doubled their holding, and a further season of twelve weeks was entered upon in the autumn. From this point the theatre has never looked back; the money

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lost over the second and even the third season was speedily subscribed afresh, and, at the opening of its fifth season, the financial corner may now be regarded as turned. The Scottish Repertory Theatre, if in certain respects following the path made plain by its Dublin and Manchester fore-runners, is, of all the experiments in repertory, the most shining instance of how the economic problem may be solved by the enthusiasm of the good playgoer, and by clear-sighted direction.

A characteristic feature of the financial side of the enterprise has been the issue of subscription tickets for the whole season of plays—a method which Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre tried without much success, but which would seem to be an essential part of any vigorous experiment in repertory, providing as it does the best of all tests of the steady existence of public demand, and of the strength of its conviction. The prices, which have been the subject of some experimental alteration, are as remarkable for their reasonableness as are those of Miss Horniman's theatre, and may now be taken to have settled as follows : Set of ten coupon tickets for

orchestra stalls, forty shillings ; for dress circle, thirty-two-and-six ; for family circle, twenty-two-and-six ; for pit, eight-and-sixpence ; for amphitheatre, six-and-sixpence ; and for gallery, three-and-sixpence. The plays are ordinarily presented at the rate of one per week ; the same reservation, therefore, must be made as in the case of the Gaiety Theatre in applying to the Royalty the term repertory theatre.

During its four seasons the Scottish Repertory Theatre has produced forty-seven plays—sixteen new, twenty-eight revivals, and three translations and classics.* With *Barbara Grows Up*, by George J. Hamlen, the theatre turned its attention to the creation of a national drama ; and *Macpherson*, by Neil Munro, and *Oh! Christina!* by J. J. Bell, have carried further, *pace* Hazlitt, the movement towards racial self-expression, which is one of the surest justifications of the repertory theatre.

Under the stimulus of the repertory idea several acting reputations have been made. Miss Mary Jerrold was conspicuous for her good work until

* Appendix Two.

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she was secured for the Duke of York's Theatre, in whose season we shall find her playing a valuable part. Miss Penelope Wheeler and Mr. Harben also served the repertory idea for a period in Glasgow before graduating to London. Mr. M. R. Morand and Miss Irene Rooke have done very well. The production of the plays has been in the excellent hands of Mr. Norman Page and Miss Madge McIntosh—each carrying into the repertory movement something of the new traditions of the Stage Society and of the Court.

The future is remarkable for its promise and for its ambition. Miss Baker's *Chains* is to enjoy its third production, this time at the hands of Mr. Page. *The Witch*, in a new translation by Mr. Masfield, will link the theatre with the repertory of The New Theatre in New York. Most noteworthy of all, Mr. Granville Barker, fresh from the considerable achievements to which the major part of this book is devoted, is to produce the play; and he will be further associated with the theatre, in *Man and Superman*, in the capacity of actor. Truly the Scottish Repertory Theatre is the home of a very eager life.

NEW YORK

The fourth English-speaking repertory theatre is The New Theatre in New York. This is an endowed theatre, thirty wealthy gentlemen having each subscribed thirty-five thousand dollars to set it going. It is to be presumed that their motive was the same, that they could not get their demand supplied by the ordinary theatre of commerce—not for all their dollars.

In America the conventional drama of commerce is as we know it in this country—only more so. It is noteworthy for the longest of runs, the most insistent and expensive of stars, and the most extravagantly ostentatious of musical comedies. In a land where the late Richard Mansfield during the last years of his life made never less than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year and sometimes over two hundred thousand dollars; where Mr. David Warfield, “the most profitable star in the world,” has been allowed by an admiring public to play only three parts in eleven years; and where so much money is spent on licking creation with a musical comedy that it may run for three years and still show a loss—the repertory idea is, as

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they say, "up against" something. America has not been without its experiments towards something better, however. After successive efforts had failed to induce Congress to grant an appropriation for the endowment of a theatre, there was an attempt made so early as 1891 with the Theatre of Arts and Letters, with which Mr. Brander Matthews and the late Clyde Fitch were associated. There has been intermittent talk of a National Art Theatre; a New Theatre was in actual but short-lived existence in Chicago in 1906; and in New York there was already a valuable object-lesson in the German Theatre—run successfully on the lines of the Continental repertory theatre—when in 1908 the promoters of The New Theatre set their enterprise on foot.

They knew at any rate what sort of theatre they had in mind, for one of their first steps was in 1908 to summon to America Mr. Granville Barker, fresh from the Court and the Savoy. But they had allowed their architect, full of opera-house traditions, to design an auditorium that for purposes of modern drama was almost hopeless, and Mr. Barker did not take long to

make up his mind. The post of producer of the classical plays went to Mr. Louis Calvert, one of the most distinguished of Mr. Barker's associates throughout the season of the Court Theatre.

The New Theatre opened on November 8, 1909. "Specifically," its directors wrote, "what it intends is to establish a resident stock company and to operate it on a repertory basis. . . . It will give no play, however popular, more than four performances a week, and it will give at least three different plays each week." During its first season this has been its repertory, the plays having been added at regular intervals of a fortnight :

Antony and Cleopatra.

The Cottage in the Air, by Edward Knoblauch.*

Strife, by John Galsworthy.

The Nigger, by Edward Sheldon.

The School for Scandal.

{ *Liz, the Mother*

{ *Don*, by Rudolf Besier.

Twelfth Night.

* A comedy adapted from the Countess von Arnim's novel, "Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." The Countess von Arnim's own adaptation under the title of *Priscilla Runs Away* has been produced in this country by Mr. Trench at the Haymarket.

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The Witch, from the Scandinavian of H. Wiers-Jenssen.

{ *Brand*, Act IV (condensed)

{ *Sister Beatrice*, by Maeterlinck.

The Winter's Tale.

Beethoven, by René Fauchois.

Thus thirteen plays were given in the first season of twenty-four weeks, of which four were classics, three original works by American authors (one in one act), and two by contemporary English dramatists. There would appear to be ground for disappointment at the supply of native American plays forthcoming, and the fact is attributed to The New Theatre not being able, notwithstanding its endowment, to offer dramatists sufficiently high royalties to tempt them away from the commercial theatre and the long run. In face of the fact that Mr. Clyde Fitch received well over seven hundred thousand dollars in royalties on his forty-five plays, a repertory theatre—even if it be a millionaires' repertory theatre—has some difficulty in tempting the native dramatist with its paltry one hundred and fifty dollars a performance and a limited run. The point of cleavage between the commercialist

and the artist arrived at with the repertory theatre is very clearly marked, as was seen in the last chapter.

The merits of the stock company playing in repertory seem to have been demonstrated beyond question.* In the spring the company goes on tour, when a point is made of presenting no play more than once in the week. The permanent company numbers thirty-eight, twenty-two actors and sixteen actresses. Miss Wynne Matthison did very well in Shakespeare and Maeterlinck, and Mr. Calvert himself was very impressive in Mr. McKinnel's part of John Anthony in *Strife*. There has been some confusion of aim when the company has been added to on occasion—Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, for example, being too irredeemably identified with the star system to have been the most discriminating choice for the opening production of *Antony and Cleopatra*. We shall find in a moment evidence of some confusion of aim in Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre; but, to equal this, he must have engaged Mr. Lewis Waller to open as Falder in *Justice*.

* Appendix Two.

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If the theatre had been arranged for greater intimacy, to seat, say, eleven hundred instead of twenty-three hundred, the task of the actors in modern plays would have been more thankful. For naturalistic acting such as is demanded, for instance, by *Strife*, a theatre larger than the Duke of York's is of no use whatever.* The National Theatre, when it comes, if it is to house modern drama as well as the classics, must be designed with an eye to the former. The emotions arising from spectacle and poetry may very well suffer compression, but the intimacies of the realistic method go for nothing in a house that is too large. Your repertory theatre proper, bearing in mind that one of the demands upon it is to house the New Drama, will see to this; but one is afraid the millionaire promoters had minds confused by a liking for opera and for social diversion, and in consequence the New Theatre is not the most significant of the repertory experiments.

* Comparative accommodation of the theatres considered in this book: Duke of York's, 1094; Court, 670; Savoy, 1070; Abbey Theatre, Dublin, 562; Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, 1250; Royalty Theatre, Glasgow, 1314; Comedie-Française, 1200.

EXPERIMENTS

These, then, were the experiments in actual being when, in April 1909, the air was suddenly filled with repertory theatres and the rumour of repertory theatres. On one and the same day Mr. Herbert Trench and Mr. Charles Frohman took the *Times* into their confidence. London, it appeared, was to have two temples of the repertory idea. Now the old sad demand for "something better" was to be supplied indeed, by two artistic theatres not merely in open competition with the ordinary theatres of commerce but with one another.

Mr. Trench—new to management—was full of his idea. The essential of his very interesting scheme was that it would combine the principle of repertory with the principle of the long run. Here was promise of a great reconciliation; the lion and the lamb should lie down together. The week's performance would be divided into two portions—(a) a repertory half, and (b) a long run half. The repertory half would always comprise three plays—a new play, a revived modern play of signal merit, and a classical play. Each of the repertory plays would be performed always on its

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regular night ; that is to say, the day of the week—Monday or Tuesday or Wednesday—would indicate whether the play in the repertory programme would be new, or a revived modern play, or a classic. In the second half of the week there would be produced new plays by modern authors, to run as long as the public interest in them continued. There would be one *matinée* in the repertory portion of the week, and two in the long run portion.

Before Mr. Trench came to open the Haymarket Theatre in September he had gone back upon all this. Whether Mr. Harrison's sound business judgment had prevailed, or whether Mr. Trench had drawn up his interesting scheme of reconciliation in the expectation of assistance which failed him, or whether closer application to details led him to the revised opinions he has subsequently expressed, the Haymarket has in practice done no service to the repertory idea. The lion devoured the lamb before ever they came to the pasture. Mr. Trench has provided the spectacle of an undoubtedly superior management making considerable commercial profit out

EXPERIMENTS

of four productions, three of them admirable. He has induced artists into the theatre, and surrounded himself with the most excellent actors available, many of whom graduated at the Court Theatre. But the runs of his plays have been noticeably long. He has not even followed Sir Herbert Tree's disinterested practice of taking off a play in his zest for the next one. It is impossible to grant that Mr. Trench's admirable management (for which one is profoundly grateful) has given the lie to all the arguments of this book, for his plays have not succeeded in avoiding deterioration, nor have they been free from the deleterious presence of the star.

Mr. Trench's subsequent expression of opinion has been to excuse himself thus: "The practical difficulties of the repertory plan are great: extreme costliness through the need for additional advertising, to explain the change of bill to the public, and for cartage of scenery; complexity and laboriousness for the theatrical staff; and unattractiveness for authors, who lose the profits of long-run royalties."

Now the promise of Mr. Frohman—not new to

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management, but always open to add a world to the three or four he has already conquered—was, in the following February, with the co-operation of Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. John Galsworthy, Mr. Granville Barker, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, to turn the Duke of York's into a repertory theatre. Mr. Frohman kept his promise. The manner in which he did it, the achievement and significance of London's first repertory theatre, is what this book is really about. So much as has gone before may be regarded as by way of introduction.

CHAPTER THREE : THE RECORD OF THE REPERTORY THEATRE I

*On the stage one must have reality, and
one must have joy.* J. M. SYNGE.

HAVING announced its intentions as we saw in the last chapter, the Duke of York's Repertory Theatre opened its doors on February 21, 1910, on a season that was to prove of seventeen weeks' duration. During that period it gave one hundred and twenty-eight performances of ten plays—two examples of modern tragedy, *Justice*, by John Galsworthy, and *Old Friends*, by J. M. Barrie; one example of modern high comedy (or symbolist farce), *Misalliance*, by Bernard Shaw; one comedy of manners in an early Victorian setting, *The Sentimentalists*, by George Meredith; one mid-Victorian historical comedy (revival), *Trelawny of the "Wells,"* by Arthur Pinero; one modern comedy of ideas, *The Madras House*, by Granville Barker; one fantasy (revival) *Prunella*, by Laurence Housman, Granville Barker, and Joseph Moorat; one modern^s realistic play, *Chains*, by Elizabeth

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Baker; one modern farcical comedy, *The Twelve-Pound Look*, by J. M. Barrie; and one modern conventional comedy, *Helena's Path*, by Anthony Hope and Cosmo Gordon Lennox.

The record may be set out in tabular form, thus* :

	Performances
<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>	42
<i>Justice</i>	26
<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>	25
<i>Prunella</i>	17
<i>Chains</i>	15
<i>Misalliance</i>	11
<i>The Madras House</i>	10
<i>The Sentimentalists</i>	6
<i>Old Friends</i>	6
<i>Helena's Path</i>	2

There is in weeping a certain pleasure; but the tragedy with which it was ordained that The Repertory Theatre should open was not of the kind that disposed one to be emotionally demonstrative even in that fashion. Perhaps the idea was that it would be well to start with a cathartic.

* For full record and summary of the season, see Appendix One.

JUSTICE

By so doing, the New drama would be shewing at the outset a nice deference to Aristotle ; but a jollier start would have been possible. There was not much in Mr. Galsworthy's tragedy to rouse the soul by passion nor to charm it by eloquence, so that it should feel on the whole a strong movement which—as Hume observed—“is altogether delightful.” The didactic play is, as a rule, not the most satisfying sort of play, for the dramatist has all the time to keep one eye upon us, and but one is left for his characters. However, if *Justice* was too impersonal a tragedy to move very strongly to pity or terror, it was in many respects a work of admirably conceived drama, and just such a one as would by its nature fail to get produced at the ordinary theatre of commerce.

Mr. Galsworthy's purge is prepared for the judicial system, and so for the social conscience, of which we each have a part in our keeping. The protagonists of the tragedy are Justice and William Falder. The tragedy is in reality, as the Judge recognises the speech of the Counsel for the Defence to be, an indictment of the march of

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Justice. Falder occupies the position of the insect under foot. Twenty-three, not very well paid, not very well educated, he is clerk to the highly-respected firm of James and Walter How, well known in the law. Father and son are tallying the cheques one morning, as their custom is, when it appears that one cheque has been drawn for nine pounds and cashed for ninety. Cokeson, managing clerk, ancient servitor of the firm, is called in, and by a series of circumstances connected in his excellent old brain with the warmth of his lunch, the responsibility is brought home to William Falder. Young Walter has done a careless thing, and left a space after the nine; Falder has done a criminal thing, and ticked in *-ty*. As the result, we see him next as prisoner at the bar on his trial for forgery. He is not by nature a criminal, Mr. Galsworthy would have us understand. He is weak and over-sensitive, and is goaded into moments of madness by the treatment Ruth Honeywill receives at the hands of the brute of a husband from whom the Law grants her no protection. It was to get money to take her and her children out of the country

that Falder committed the forgery. His Counsel, indeed, bases his whole case for the defence upon the irresponsibility of the prisoner at the moment of the crime. This is the crisis of the drama, this struggle for Falder's soul. We follow it as it sways this way and that ; Cokeson with his well-intentioned evidence ; Ruth giving evidence for her lover at the risk of subsequent bodily harm to herself ; the indifferent, mannered Judge, with his sharp interjected queries—"Lovers ? In what sense do you use that word ?" The eloquent Counsel for the Defence and the plausible Counsel for the Crown, working in turn visible effect upon the jury ; the whole movement and paraphernalia of the court ; and then the verdict—"Guilty." The Judge addresses the prisoner, and the "immoral relations" are the determining factor in his mind. Penal servitude for three years for Falder. Then we see him in slow process of being broken. Mr. Galsworthy spares us nothing ; the greenish distemper of the prison walls ; the unimaginative Governor, doing his honest best with Falder ; the thoughtless young Chaplain ; the Doctor, sticking to physical facts and certifying Falder not to be

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losing weight. What Falder is losing we are shown, for there is a scene of the interior of his cell; and he walks, and walks, and walks, rests his head against the cold stone, and then hearing others beating upon their doors, beats with his clenched fists upon the door . . . When he comes out, he puts his hand to his head and to his heart, and tells the good Cokeson it is there he has lost. Justice has not ceased to break him. Situations are made impossible to him, and he is only one tenth as good a man as even his old poor self. But Cokeson and Walter are prevailing upon the elder How to take him back and give him another trial. There is a moment of poignant drama as Falder stands beckoning at the window for Ruth to come up, whilst Cokeson's conscience is forcing him to divulge that she has not been quite what she ought to have been while the young man has been away (having had to keep her children alive). Even so they shall have their chance. Then there enters by the same door as two and a half years ago the same officer from Scotland Yard. Justice has not done with Falder. He is on ticket-of-leave,

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JUSTICE

and has failed to report himself ; added to which there is a little business of a forged reference. He is seized and resists, then cries madly "Good !"; and when the door closes we know the tragedy is to culminate behind it. He leaps from his captor over the balustrade ; and his body brought back into the room, with Ruth crying upon it, is the end on which the curtain falls.

There have been those who have called *Justice* a squalid anecdote, and with this amount of justification, that in tragedy the catastrophe must overwhelm someone of value in order that we may be moved to pity by a sense of loss. It is so in all the tragedies whose purging influence sweeps through the theatre ; the fine womanhood of the Trojan women, the nobility of Othello, the simple beauty of Mr. Masfield's Nan, the strong youth of the six fine sons in *Riders to the Sea*, the significance to the State of Mr. Barker's Trebell ; it is the value of these qualities that we feel, and to the end we fiercely resist the tide of circumstance which threatens their submersion. Now Falder—one says it with regret—is of no value to anyone.

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He is the insect under the impending foot. At the end he is no more to us than that Booley, "the next case," for whom the judge announces his intention of sitting rather late to-day. Falder is to us nothing but a case, a case in sociology, and—whatever we may be outside—in the theatre few of us are sociologists, for the theatre is by its nature a place where the emotions are uppermost.

To Mr. Galsworthy, of course, Falder is a nervous human creature, with that vein of sensitiveness to beauty which runs through all his creations. But he has chosen to show us very little of this. In the above account, rather scrupulous justice is done to the course of what may be called the personal drama. Falder has often thought, he says, the being fond of Ruth was the best thing about him—"it's sacred, somehow—and yet it did for me. That's queer, isn't it?" But such touches are very few. Mr. Galsworthy has chosen to make the overshadowing drama impersonal, with Justice for its protagonist; and if he has gained in propagandist directness by making Falder the mere Average Weakling who

(in our semi-civilisation) gets trodden underfoot, he must be content to be told what he has lost. In all the play there is a queer bloodlessness. One may question whether Mr. Galsworthy's dramatic progress from *The Silver Box* and *Joy* to *Strife* and *Justice* is from every point of view a progress. It has entailed a loss of characterising power, it has meant a change from a drama of human beings to a drama of impersonal forces, or at least of the conflict between impersonal forces on the one side and human beings on the other. In a certain degree it may be that Mr. Galsworthy in this subjection of the personal has achieved that subjection of characters to drama which in Ibsen amounted to masterliness; and, however this may be, there is pleasure to be had in regarding his admirable technique. But because we have outgrown a taste for the tragedy of blood it does not of necessity follow that we are prepared to welcome the tragedy of bloodlessness. It is excusable to hope that one day Mr. Galsworthy may again write a play overshadowed by something that belittles or sucks out the drama no more than did the huge old beech of *Joy*, in the

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darkness of whose hollow many things were hidden.

As to whether *Justice* succeeded in the theatre in getting its effect or no, there is a story told of a gentleman in the stalls who, as the jury re-appeared to file back into their box, turned excitedly to those behind him, and (as with a sense of deep grievance) exclaimed that they had made up their minds. The court scene was indeed put on with a masterly hand by Mr. Barker. It was so good as to raise the whole question of dramatic realism. One might just as well have been in a court of law; and, some will say, when we go out after dinner for pleasure we had sooner go elsewhere. Just so in the prison scene, with that greenish distemper on the walls. It even turned one a little sick. That, maybe, was what Mr. Galsworthy the propagandist wanted, although Mr. Galsworthy the tragic poet might purge us more nobly. However, it is not given to every dramatist to draw Judges of the High Court to his theatre, nor to turn Home Secretaries sick. Such effect, seemingly, had *Justice*, since it is already announced that the Falders of the

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future are to be condemned to a maximum of one month of solitary confinement, and that no longer are they to be pursued and broken by the inquisitorial system of ticket-of-leave. A play of so much effect (although not necessarily dramatic effect) can hardly be regarded as other than an opening of distinction for The Repertory Theatre.

The Repertory Theatre having made a distinguished but somewhat gloomy beginning, the hope was widely expressed that in its second production, Mr. Shaw's *Misalliance*, some merriment would be provided. It was—especially for Mr. Shaw. The trouble this time was that what he had written was not a play. The Censor had failed to recognise it as a play, and let it through. A great many of the critics solemnly applied to it the word "incomprehensible," as though that reflected more upon Mr. Shaw than upon themselves. Others expressed with touching solicitude their regret that a man of Mr. Shaw's undoubted ability should descend to work such as this.

It is, of course, open to quite sensible people to object¹ to the recent tendency of Mr. Shaw's

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dramatic work. *Arms and the Man* and *Candida*, amongst the earliest of his plays, are almost perfect in form. Of his last four plays of full-length, three have been respectively a discussion, a conversation, and, now, "a debate in one sitting." It is possible to hold that since a debate in one sitting does not conform to what Aristotle said on the subject—it plainly cannot subordinate character and diction to incident—it therefore lies outside the confines of drama. There was not a single critic of eminence who took any other course. Not one of them asked why it should not be admirable and enjoyable to push out the dramatic art in new directions, or pointed out the alternative definition of drama as any work of art which gets its effect in the theatre. Not one of them appeared to realise that if they persisted in saying that *Misalliance* was not a play, they might have Mr. Shaw pointing out the fact that he never said it was, but four times over on the programme called it a debate.

Misalliance was as enjoyable as was the discomfort of the critics in face of it. It is a debate and a farce. It is chiefly concerned with the

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relationship between parents and children, and treats with intimacy the notorious inability of parents to give any guidance to their children in what are known as the dangers of life. The misalliance of the title is generally that between Youth and Age, and particularly that between parent and child—the most unnatural of all relations, as somebody in the play says.

The debaters are nine in number. One may regard as their chairman John Tarleton, the great John Tarleton (of Tarleton's Underwear), at whose house on Hindhead, Surrey, the debate takes place, in what would be called the garden-room if this were an Ibsen play. John Tarleton has beneath the underwear which has brought him riches a soul which has grown large upon ideas. With his hand upon his heart he gives the world to understand that the circumstances which have kept him to the shop constitute the greatest tragedy of modern times. Many books have been ransacked to form his collection of ideas, and in the largeness of his soul he has provided—out of the largeness of his wealth—free libraries, that all may do as he has done. "I

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believe in ideas," says Tarleton. "Read Whatshis-name." Then there is Johnny Tarleton, Junior, plain business man, with his claim that "it's we who run the country," and his belief that he could run literature and the fine arts into the bargain if he cared to waste his time on them. There is Lord Summerhays, ex-Indian governor, old and disillusioned, who has given up trying to govern his son Bunny. There is Bunny, the after-thought—that is to say, his parents were well over forty and had forgotten how they had brought up their previous children before he arrived. He is under-sized and nervous, a second edition of Eugene Marchbanks; when things go against him his habit is to lie down and yell. Bunny has been put, as a last despairing effort to make something of him, into Tarleton's Underwear. And he has engaged himself to Miss Tarleton. That brings us to Hypatia. As for Mrs. Tarleton, she is a dear old lady who once heard duchesses talking about drainage and was so ashamed she didn't know which way to look.

Hypatia is a young lady in the mid-twenties. When Lord Summerhays, who had the mis-

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fortune to propose to her before he realised that she was being nice to him on account of his son Bunny, calls her for her cruelty a glorious young beast, Hypatia says: "A glorious young beast! That's just what I'd like to be." She is. She is something between Ann Whitefield and Ann Veronica. Her home and her parents and their circle bore her to extinction with their ceaseless talk, talk, talk. She wants to be an active verb, to be, and do, and suffer. It is old people who are content to talk about things, for their time of action is behind them. "I like *young* people!" cries Hypatia. Perhaps it will be helpful to group the people in the play according to Hypatia's preference. We shall then have John Tarleton and Mrs. Tarleton and Lord Summerhays on the one hand, Johnny in the middle (as an old-young man, and a confirmed talker) and, it will be plainly seen, Hypatia and Bunny on the other. Bunny affects to regard this as something of a misalliance between the aristocracy and the middle classes. As for Hypatia, she confides to her mother that Bunny is a little squirt, but she must marry some

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day, she supposes. This process of sorting out and taking sides may be taken as a fair account of the action of the first part. Then three new debaters arrive. Two arrive in an aeroplane, to the detriment of the Tarleton glass-houses, but to the enrichment of the debate. One is a forceful young man of the upper-classes who risks his strenuous life daily in the cause of aeronautical progress. His companion proves on second inspection to be a lady acrobat in knee breeches. Her name is Lina Szczepanowska, and it has been a point of faith with her and her ancestors to risk their lives daily for two hundred years. So things begin to look brighter for Hypatia. The lady acrobat is soon engaged in taking the gentlemen off to the gymnasium and teaching them to be men, and this leaves the stage clear for Hypatia to be and do with Percival, the forceful young man, and to make him suffer. She makes up to him violently (in a scene that will stand very well by the side of the delightful one between Valentine and Gloria), and eventually induces the at first reluctant Percival to chase her through the heather. But

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there has been a silent witness of the whole scene.

There now emerges from a portable Turkish bath the last of the debaters. Tarleton, returning from brooding upon his destiny and the soreness of his muscles, walks straight into the weedy youth's pistol. Julius Baker has come to avenge the dishonour—as he puts it, after a course of reading supplied by the Tarleton free libraries—of his mother, who in early shop-girl days was one of many who enjoyed the favour of their large-hearted employer. “I came here to kill you, and then myself,” he says. “Start with yourself, please,” says Tarleton. His expansive self-assurance bears down at once the half-nourished little clerk with the pistol, who has regretfully to admit that he can't even make a decent job of this. Julius Baker may be taken as on the whole a recruit to the side of youth, but Hypatia finds him a pretty poor one. He talks like a very ill-advised Trafalgar Square orator. Underlying the stuff he talks is a great deal of pathetic truth. Of all the damnable waste of human life, clerking is the worst, he

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cries. This shocks Mrs. Tarleton, who has taken to mothering him directly she hears of his antecedents. "It isn't bad language, chick-a-biddy," says John, "its only Socialism." Then Julius, under the influence of sloe-gin, proceeds to the awful revelation of what he has seen of the carryings on of Hypatia. "I went into that Turkish bath a boy, I came out a man," he declaims with appropriate gestures. Percival bullies him to within an inch of his life, and makes him withdraw the foul calumnies. Hypatia is appealed to to deny the last vestige of truth. Whereupon Hypatia says: "Mr. Percival chased me through the heather and kissed me." This necessitates sitting down and having the matter really out. Percival has scientific ambitions and expensive tastes. "Papa, buy the brute for me," is Hypatia's final word. Somewhere about here the debate enters its final round, with all our debaters present, and the question at issue frankly and finally, Youth *versus* Age. "Do you think young people don't know?" asks Hypatia. "They don't feel," says Lord Summerhays. As for Tarleton, he gets

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seriously wounded in his paternal sentiments. "Aren't we a little cross?" suggests Percival gently. "Read Marcus Aurelius." Meanwhile Johnny has made the mistake of his safe career by proposing to Lina what she calls the dishonour of marriage. She goes off with Bunny to make a man of him by an aeroplane ascent, in the face of the opposition of his elders; but there, he'll lie down and yell if they don't let him go. The debate is at an end. Hypatia, with the prospect before her of doing and suffering a considerable deal, Hypatia says: "Thank Goodness!"

People who chose not to enjoy what Mr. Shaw had provided for them made a great show of echoing Hypatia. And yet it was possible to enjoy oneself very heartily, and to have no quarrel with *Misalliance*. Of course this trick of quoting Mr. Shaw against himself is a very simple one. Any student of his works will tell you that these things in the mouths of his characters which seem to bear quotation against himself are a genial characteristic of Mr. Shaw, allied to his habit of making the audience a third party to the conver-

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sation on the stage—of course, a quite wrong habit, leading his people constantly to say things for the benefit of the audience which it is not in their character to say. See from this very play how readily one may quote Mr. Shaw against himself. "You will excuse me rambling on like this," says Summerhays. Mr. Shaw rambles on. With all its sustained verbal brilliance, *Misalliance* might with advantage spare three or four sentences, a thing that could not be said of *Candida* or *John Bull's Other Island*. And Percival says to Hypatia, "What sort of a girl are you, what sort of a house is this?" which jumps with one's acute realisation at the moment that Mr. Shaw is not a realist. Again, someone or other says, "Don't profane what you don't understand." Whereupon the gentlemen of the press make pencil notes upon their programmes, for this may be nicely quoted as expressing what is the general conception of the public (industriously fostered by themselves) about Mr. Shaw—of course, a misconception.

It may at once be granted that *Misalliance* was

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a diversion. But what would you? It was at least as diverting (for anyone not suffering from hopeless rigidity of mind) to listen to as it had been for Mr. Shaw to write. Mr. Shaw has claimed for it that it is a singularly perfect specimen of high comedy. That is only his fun. There is nothing high about it except its spirits, and they are splendid. *Misalliance* is Mr. Shaw's assertion of his belief in youth—in preference to age. Youth is callous and rather cruel, but it holds the future in its hands. It is in revolt against the stagnation which age loves. So is Mr. Shaw, in his own splendidly retained youthfulness. Now he has written a very high-spirited play all about it. Shall we call *Misalliance* a symbolist farce?

It would in every way have been undesirable had The Repertory Theatre at this early stage in its career been so conducted as to earn the reputation of producing nothing but plays which the ordinary theatre-goer might safely allow to pass over his head. By its nature a repertory theatre is chiefly concerned with the plays whose

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appeal is limited or which win their way slowly ; but that is no reason why the repertory should not be so assorted as, without any lowering of artistic standard or confusion of aim, to make the widest possible appeal. For this reason the Triple Bill was in many ways the most representative of the productions of The Repertory Theatre. Included in it were two pieces by one of the conventionalists among its dramatists—which should have drawn as wide a public as was in any way to be drawn—and one thing of rare and delicate quality which could not conceivably have been produced at any other theatre. This last was the Meredithian fragment, *The Sentimentalists*. Of the Barrie plays, one was in the comparatively unpopular vein of *The Wedding Guest*, and seemed therefore quite in place ; the other was so certain of popularity under whatever conditions it was produced that, save for experimental purposes, its inclusion in the bill lacked justification. From the critical viewpoint now possible, one may see in the inclusion of *The Twelve-Pound Look* first evidence of that indecision of aim about which a good deal more will have

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to be said ; and on this account the bill is not the less representative.

If Mr. Barrie's *Old Friends* had been a better play, it might with the Meredith have carried through the Triple Bill to a greater success. It fails, however, quite to convince because its sombreness strikes one as a little gratuitous, and as arising out of an attitude towards heredity which is more than a little old-fashioned. The play might have been written in the first flush of Mr. Barrie's admiration for Ibsen. It is a simplified, sentimentalised *Ghosts*, with the highly respectable drink-craving substituted for the "something inherited, something one wasn't responsible for" which the Censor will not allow to be mentioned. The circumstances of the inheriting of the craving, with the general doctrine that habits of the sort are not to be given up but give *you* up when they choose in order to attach themselves to a more attractive subject in the person of your child, are, one thinks, of remoter date than Ibsen. Stephen Brand has conquered the craving in himself, and hugs a sort of pride that he did it alone. He is

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very happy, until a moment comes when he realises that he has given the craving to his seventeen-year-old daughter, and it is then his wife turns on him with her unpleasant doctrine. It may be that Mrs. Brand, who is, even as was Mrs. Alving, fighting her battle with these ghosts, is intended by Mr. Barrie to be in a state of unscientific superstitiousness, which would add, perhaps, to the pitifulness of the tragedy. However that may be, it is certain that Carry's youthful figure creeping in her night-dress down the darkened stairs, and her sad, hopeless cry when her father finds her fumbling at the spirit cupboard, "What are you going to do with me?"—are moments of very moving tragedy. Outside, we are told, it is a clear night of stars, and the sky was never more serene. . . This note of cosmic irony on which the little play ends is also not without its Ibsen reminiscence.

A more characteristic Barrie note is struck in *The Twelve-Pound Look*—a highly successful trifle. It is a conversation into which the newly honoured Sir Harry Sims is plunged, at a moment's notice, with the wife who left him fourteen years before,

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and who, by an unfortunate mischance for Sir Harry, comes in response to his order for a typist to deal with the congratulatory correspondence. It is a situation of which Mr. Barrie's ingenious talent may be expected to make the most. Perhaps at moments the handling is a little more cruel than we are accustomed to from him. "He's about to be knighted for his services to—er, for his *services*," says the second Lady Sims of her hopelessly wealthy, "successful" little under-bred husband, with his profound misunderstanding of women and of everything else enjoyable in life. It has been left for Kate to rub it into him. As she is here, he will ask her the one question, who was the man? Under pressure she tells him what she knows will be the cruellest thing of all: "There wasn't anyone, Harry, no one at all." All his blustering that he is worth a quarter of a million fails to make her sorry for what she has lost. "You are worth exactly twelve pounds," she says, for that is the sum for which she obtained what she prefers to him, a typewriter and her liberty. It is her advice to all husbands to watch for the twelve-pound look coming into

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their wives' eyes. Sir Harry, unpenetrated to the end by a glimmering of understanding, dismisses her after ensuring that she shall hear his promises of some ropes of pearls for the subjugated neck of the second Lady Sims. And no sooner has the door closed than the curtain falls on Lady Sims and a most indubitable example of the twelve-pound look.

The success of the trifle lies in its amusing qualities. There is excellent entertainment in listening to Kate telling Sir Harry that he was a good husband according to his lights, and a moral man, and chatty. The play's weakness, of course, is the way in which Sir Harry at intervals says "Stop it," and "Will you please to leave my house?" without taking any steps that she shall do either one or the other until we have had our forty minutes' entertainment. In reality he would have said so at once, and would have enforced it, but that would not have been so amusing as Miss Ashwell standing with her back to the fireplace and her thumbs in her waistcoat, giving imitations of his fat friends from whom she had fled ; whilst Sir Harry sits in impotence

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until the applause has died away. Indeed, *The Twelve-Pound Look* should go on the music-halls. The masterliness of its retrospective narrative and its sustained high spirits and fun satisfy every requirement of that difficult art-form, the sketch.

There is no need to conclude that it was absolutely out of place at The Repertory Theatre. The disarming thing in Mr. Barrie is that he is the one dramatist of artistic significance who has found popular acceptance for the work he himself wants to write. *The Twelve-Pound Look* is no more true to life than is—in a different way—*Old Friends*. But Mr. Barrie is more himself in it, and that was its justification. Mr. Barrie's workmanship is never anything but neat and delightful. And for the undoubtedly moving moments of tragedy in *Old Friends* it was not entirely the admirable acting of Miss Dorothy Minto, Miss Ashwell, and Mr. Valentine that was responsible. As for the interpretation of *The Twelve-Pound Look*, the play might have been written to display Miss Ashwell's insouciant ease; while Mr. Edmund Gwenn took advantage of the

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opportunity to build up, in his own especial manner, as convincingly humorous a study of the Sir Harry Sims type as the exigencies of Mr. Barrie's trifle would allow him.

If a death-blow were wanted for Aristotle and his "eternal verities," *The Sentimentalists* supplied it. Here is a composition for the theatre which not only does not subordinate diction and character to action, but which proceeds to flout another of that excellent critic's canons by making the diction brilliant. Over-brilliance of diction, we know, can merely serve to obscure action. Meredith, misguided man, in his sole work for the theatre, has wrought upon his diction until its brilliance is sparkling, and has troubled to put into his play positively no action at all! By all the rules he should have achieved nothing, and he has achieved a thing of pure delight. Drama is by its nature kinetic, and he—the denizens of his old-world garden are possessed of too much wealth and leisure to find hurry requisite—has made it static. What he has written is, in a word, "not a play." But Meredith

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also knew something of the theatre, although he chose not to work in that medium for the delectation of "our wilful English of the hazy region and the ideal that is not to be disturbed." Wise man that he was. He wrote of it, however, in an essay on dramatic theory which may stand with those of Dryden and of Aristotle. Meredith had his own view of the theatre, and it was that there is a benefit to men in taking the lessons of Comedy in congregations, for it enlivens the wits. "The true test of Comedy," says he—Aristotle may lord it over Tragedy—"is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter." And Comedy he held to be the fountain of sound sense; not the less perfectly sound on account of the sparkle. By his own test, assuredly, *The Sentimentalists* was sound.

The diction of *The Sentimentalists* is the diction of Meredith's novels with the speakers come to life in a setting of fitting harmony of line. Clipped yew-hedges and trim lawns are the background to the clean, tripping prose. What prose it is! One sat and let the winged words go over one's head, and though the feeling was

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that one could catch them by throwing out an arm, one never did, because, just as it was, the sensation was too pleasurable. And they followed so quickly one upon another. To deny after this the added charm given to dialogue by presentation in the theatre, to cease from railing at the hazy wilful English who would confine Meredith to the study, is to betray sheer insensibility to the art of the theatre.

A few of these bright things, caught by the heels as it were, will appear in what follows. Through the garden, quite at their leisure, listening a little to Professor Spiral with his rounded periods, making a little love, move the charming people talking their literary talk with a wonderful air of detachment and of having nothing else to do. There is Homeware, the old philosopher, full of wise saws. Excess of merit, says he, is a capital offence in morals ; it disgusts us with virtue. Two charming ladies swear together in the garden, and spend their time devising cleverish objurgations—"sweet garden oaths, Carnation ! Begonia !" One of these is the little philosopher Lyra (the rogue in

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porcelain come to life in the dainty playing of Miss Mary Jerrold). The other is the dedicated Astræa, wife for two months and widow for two years. How it is her fate never to be free of men ! “ Let me have one day of liberty ! ” is her plea ; and this the moral she would draw from her alliance with the excellent deceased : “ Let no woman marry a husband twenty years older than herself—she marries a limpet. Old husbands are too voraciously constant.” As for young husbands, there is young Arden, flitting after her about the garden. “ I like him, I like him,” cries Astræa, “ but I want to *breathe* ! ” His idea of marriage, says Lyra, is taking a woman into custody. They mingle their sighs over the lot of the husband-haunted wife. As for Astræa, since she is feminine she must needs be a victim to the horrible constrictor love. The action (but there is none) concerns Arden’s pursuit of her, and it does not matter, nor its inconclusion ; it suffices that the end as we have it indicates that for the sake of peace she will consent to take him, “ descending from her ideal to the gross reality of man.” No one could have embodied more

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nicely her intellectual piquancy that did Miss Fay Davis.

. . . inconstant as a butterfly
And shallow as a brook with little fish.

Mr. Dennis Eadie made a crisply sententious old boy of Homeware, perfectly in the picture. Mr. William Rothenstein designed the dresses, and Mr. Norman Wilkinson the scene; two artists whom one willingly saw let loose in the theatre.

The Sentimentalists is an altogether delightful piece of work, and to have kept it from the stage because it was not completed would have been the greatest of pities. The only alternative one can consider for a moment is that Mr. Granville Barker should have completed it. The rising of the curtain on the trim early-Victorian garden is comparable with the rising of the curtain on the Georgian garden in *The Marrying of Ann Leete*. The same charming people in beautiful dresses talk the same literary talk with the same air of detachment and of having nothing else to do. True, Ann ends by doing things, just like any Shaw young lady, and her marriage with the gardener is a very much more heroic thing than is Astræa's

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with her Arden. But no one who reads *Waste* can be in doubt as to how influenced Mr. Barker has been by the dialogue of Meredith. If Meredith had chosen to write plays of modern life, he would have written them very like *Waste* and *The Madras House*. That *The Sentimentalists* was left uncompleted really does not matter. A piece which in every moment of its length was a joy to eye and ear will not have remembered against it any deficiencies of curtain ; and, having no action, it cannot be of great account that the action was brought to no conclusion.

Heartfree, it may be remembered, in *The Provoked Wife* of Vanbrugh, lays claim to an exhaustive and satisfying method of studying Woman. I consider her, says he, turned inside out. Mr. Barker also is concerned to study Woman, and his method is somewhat the same. His women excel at self-revelation. That charmingly frank young lady, Ann Leete, in revolt against an age which demanded self-repression in its femininity more sternly than does our own, will not have it for a moment that she has trod on a toad in the

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dark garden, but is out at once with her confession that it is Lord John has kissed her. And "I'm lawless by birthright, being a woman," says Alice, the more modern young woman of *The Voysey Inheritance*. Mrs. O'Connell in *Waste* is made very mercilessly by her creator to expose her little butterfly soul. In these last two plays there is a wonderful gallery of portraits of middle-class women. From a glance at them one may be very certain that Mr. Barker has made Woman his study, and that (in this going beyond Heart-free) he stands for her emancipation and equal citizenship. But they have heretofore been portraits more or less incidental to the middle-class epic of *The Voysey Inheritance* or to the social tragedy of *Waste*. Now Mr. Barker has written a thesis play, and his thesis is Woman. As her symbol he has taken The Madras House, which exists in her service.

That Mr. Barker should write a thesis play and give it as the fourth of the productions of The Repertory Theatre on top of *Justice* and *Misalliance* and *The Sentimentalists*, gave rise to a terrible outcry. Here indeed was a something that was

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"not a play"! There were twenty-five people down on the playbill, and the four acts were, it was demonstrated, quite separable from one another, only one person persevering through all four, and he at the end not having undergone any particular change. This Mr. Barker called a comedy! And, despite the gentlemen who write post haste for the morning press, so it was. If there is anything in the "true test" of Meredith, that comedy shall awaken thoughtful laughter, this was one of the comedies of our day. To the gentlemen of the press, perhaps, having by hard fate to assimilate it with many stimulants and cigarettes between eleven-fifteen and twelve-thirty, it had been better had the laughter been a trifle less thoughtful. In saying that the play was not dramatic because there was no progression in it, they overlooked that the thesis progressed. Writing post haste, they did not see that what gave it all unity was *The Madras House* in the background.

As a matter of fact, the most admirable quality in Mr. Barker's play is the almost consummate skill with which the elements of the drama are

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combined. Of the four acts, the first and last are devoted to showing the domestic establishments of two of the partners in *The Madras House*, the second to its commercial south-of-the-river sister-emporium, and the third to *The Madras House* itself in Bond Street. Each has its display of womanhood, and each its own sort of womanhood. At Henry Huxtable's chaste little fortress on Denmark Hill, there are the six unmarried Huxtable girls—so many of them that their father cannot be expected to tell them apart. Living together, eating together, going away together, they do get a bit irritable, as is explained by Emma (as old Henry would say, by Jane-I-mean-Emma), one of the youngest and least disappointed. It is all perfectly usual, perfectly respectable, and amazingly purposeless and wasteful. Henry and Catherine Huxtable, having acquired a large and rather irksome family of daughters in some fashion of which they are not very clear, are merely engaged, according to Hugh Voysey's advice to parents, in keeping their children ignorant of all that they don't themselves know. The horizon of the little fortress is bounded by a

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good view of the Crystal Palace, and its social accomplishments—save of course a little harmless gardening and music—limited to a needless elaboration of the art of saying How d'you do and Good-bye. "How much better," says Constantine Madras, "if you had found some man willing for a consideration to marry the lot."

However, the private indulgence of an unlimited family of daughters is permitted to Henry, and the profits of The Madras House and of Roberts and Huxtable's make it possible. When we see Roberts and Huxtable's at Peckham in the second act, one of the inevitable little complications is disturbing that harem of industry (as Constantine unpleasantly calls it). First-hand in our customers' department has been got hold of by some fellow. Miss Yates, the young lady in question, instead of submitting quietly to be made an example of according to Henry's admirable principle of punishing the guilty as well as the innocent (I am all for that, says Henry), insists instead that she is proud as any married duchess. This is too much for old Henry, and Philip Madras takes the affair in hand. Miss Chancellor,

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who is fifty-eight and never sees any difference in men, suspects Brigstock. Brigstock's poor young wife, whom the living-in system condemns to lie awake at night thinking of him—"for thirty pounds is not sufficient to live out on, sir, and it's no use pretending that it is," says Brigstock—flies at everybody in turn with her demand for compensation for the slander. Philip, who defines himself as a young man who says unconventional things but who does not do unconventional things, has his hands full.

It is, we learn, a year at The Madras House in Bond Street (which she refuses to regret) that has led to Miss Yates' complication. In the third act we are made intimate with The Madras House, the shrine and symbol of femininity. We assist at the deliberations of the directors around the "art" table, under the "art" ceiling, and between the "art" green walls. We are initiated into the mysteries of the genesis of fashion; in this instance, the sudden spirited adaptation one windy Paris afternoon of a fish basket to cover the fair head of La Belle Hélène—a credit to her profession and, as far as her exterior goes, to The

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Madras House. The fish-basket hat—improvised by Hélène in the interests of her own *cocotterie* (as Mr. Windlesham puts it)—is to be the rage, and will shade the chaste brow of many a virgin or matron of Denmark Hill. We watch three mannequins promenade, also from Paris, whilst Mr. Windlesham handles them, and talks to them in Cockney French, and sticks pins into and arranges inflammatory portions of their lovely attire, all without turning a hair of his well-oiled little head. In the intervals of granting their discrete consideration to the latest models, the directors discuss the terms of the sale of The Madras House, which is passing into American ownership. Mr. Eustace Perrin State is paying for it far more even than it is worth, so highly does he appreciate its symbolic qualities. He holds that for any man who is so intimately concerned with women as to manufacture the bones of their corsets to be outside the Woman's Movement is to be outside history. In his stores, the gentlemen's departments are served by ladies, the ladies' by gentlemen, always within the bounds of delicacy (and with great profit). When the dis-

cussion passes, as it speedily does, to the subject of Woman, Mr. State is for taking high ground ; for to him the highest instinct of the race is to perpetuate. He is not, however, married. " My dear sentimental sir," says Constantine, " I might have known it." Nor is Constantine averse from giving his views on Woman, for his experience of the sex has been long and varied, and he has eventually consummated his affection for the ways of the East by settling down there and becoming a Mahometan. Women have no morals and no intellect as we understand them, says Constantine. The recognition of polygamy is what he demands ; not compulsory, not State polygamy—just polygamy for those who like it. Henry to him is a monster of good-natured wickedness, with his chaste fortress on Denmark Hill and his industrial seraglio (Constantine will persist in these unpleasantries) at Peckham. Alas for poor old Henry, whose sister Amelia Constantine married and deserted thirty years ago ; and yet Henry can't bring himself to think he looks, with his beautiful calm brown beard, as though he will be damned for it. Old Henry, who, like the

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Christian old Vicar in *The Voysey Inheritance* (who would have given Constantine a hell of a time), tries to keep himself free from the disturbing influences of modern thought ; old Henry it is who is bald with the cares of six unmarried daughters, and corpulent with the business profits he hasn't sufficient imagination to enjoy. It isn't fair ; and in the discussion he comes to a point where he doesn't care who hears him say so. Then there is Major Hippisley Thomas, the "mean, sensual" man, who finds this a damned subtle world, and enquires with anxious interest whether polygamy is practical. Men, he finds, are all either soft-hearted fools or hard-hearted devils, and for the soft-hearted fools (of whom he is one) monogamy, relieved by the attentions of the provocative ladies of La Belle Hélène's profession, is no sort of system. And so while the men turn inside out their views upon Woman—all save Philip, who sits rather aloof from the discussion, as he does from this farmyard world of sex—The Madras House passes into the possession of a sentimentalist who may be trusted to realise to the full its symbolical possibilities.

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Mr. State descends suddenly from high ground regarding Woman to a consciousness that one of them is in the room (with the latest creations displayed upon her lovely person), and he remarks, "You clean forget they're there!"

It is in the aloof sanctity of Phillimore Gardens, in the after-dinner society of that civilised woman Jessica his wife, that Philip contributes to the discussion. He is so made, he says, that he can't talk about what can't be helped. Sex cannot be helped. It is establishing right relations that matters. Neither art nor science nor good manners have made of the world a place which he cares to live in. Jessica with her civilisation may be costing the world too much ; if it is her culture which keeps her from kissing the Major, she had far better kiss him. But, queerly enough, when she comes to the point, it is Philip she wants to kiss. Their conclusion over the dying embers of the drawing-room fire is that things have been so arranged as to make companionship between men and women a very artificial thing. Companionship, that is what is wanted, an equal

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companionship. "It's not easy, but it's got to be done."

That is the conclusion to which Mr. Barker's thesis advances, with extraordinary and delightful brilliance of characterisation and of diction by the way. In the course of the play we are provided with a conspectus of the sex relationships, and a symposium of views on Woman. Since these things are commonly held to be interesting, the play might well have drawn all London. It succeeded astonishingly in holding the mirror up to Nature, and there are few who might not have seen something of themselves in it. The Rousseauite, distracted horribly between his admiration for Woman *pour maîtresse* and *pour confidente*; the young lady of the pit who is keen on Waller, like Julia Huxtable aged thirty-four; all six Miss Huxtables, indeed, fair flowers that were not gathered in their prime; the young shop lady who moves and has her being, like Miss Yates, among two-hundred-and-thirty-five gentlemen, and asks the desolating question, "Suppose I don't like any of them"; the more elderly lady who, with Miss Chancellor, supposes

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that men are all God's creatures, but for her part doesn't look at them. The constant reader of the *Daily Telegraph*, with his belief that some women may be polyandrous but that all men are polygamous, and that in matrimony it is the letter which kills and the spirit which gives life ; he would have found he had much in common with Constantine. Those whose embarrassing experience it is to find themselves falling in love all over the place ; they would have found Major Thomas sympathetic. Those elders who desire, like old Henry, to take things as they find them—or as they used to find them. Those who do with Virtue as Constant did, "We recommend it to our wives, madam." Women who, to pass the time have taken up with kissing or with politics (the principle, Mr. Barker says, is the same). All men and women who indulge in "mixed bathing in the world's pleasures." And married couples in need of realising as Philip and Jessica came to do—and as Asta and Borgheim did before them—that it takes two to be glad. A very full play this of Mr. Barker's ; a play with a wonderful suggestion, too, of depth. If all these people had been to it

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instead of being put off by the hasty verdict of the critics, they would have come away saying with Mr. State (and, too, one is confident, with Mr. Pepys), "as stimulating a conversation as I remember."

But it is a conversation, be it observed, of people who turn themselves inside out—as people do not quite do in real life. This method of studying his characters turned inside out Mr. Barker has, in common not only with Heartfree, but with Mr. Shaw. It is just this that they have in common. So much foundation is there for that discipleship of Mr. Barker to Mr. Shaw of which the foolish amongst the critics gabble. But Mr. Barker succeeds in making his love for discussion drama, just as he makes his love for literary distinction in his language square with a general adherence to the method of realism. Whereas Mr. Shaw never was a realist, and he grows less of a realist with every play he writes.

What is chiefly remarkable in Mr. Barker, in addition to his dramatic sense, is his faculty for rounding in a territory of life or of ideas. He has rounded in the family life of the upper middle

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classes. He has rounded in British politics. In *The Madras House* he rounds in the trade of woman's clothes, and incidentally he rounds in Woman; of the twenty-five characters in the comedy, seventeen are women. Mr. Barker has threatened to round in the Majority and Minority Reports of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress. What his critics—desirous, poor men, only to be merry and bright—will be reduced to saying then, one trembles to imagine.

CHAPTER FOUR : THE RECORD OF THE REPERTORY THEATRE (II)

ASTRÆA, the dedicated widow, and her faithful Arden vanished from the Dutch Garden (having ceased to attract), and their places were taken by Pierrot and Prunella. One might be sorry so few playgoers were interested in the sole and unfinished comedy of Meredith, and yet well satisfied at this opportunity for a revival of Laurence Housman and Granville Barker's delightful fantasy. *Prunella* is no mere Christmas piece, and this revival set the fact on record. It was fallen back upon, one thinks, as a safe sort of stop-gap ; before many weeks it had made a host of new friends and was firmer set than ever in the affections of those who already loved it ; and by the time it came to an end amid splendid enthusiasm, it meant more of the repertory spirit to a wide circle than any other of the productions, perhaps, of the season.

Prunella came into the bill at a moment when the statement was being assiduously put about

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that the repertory spirit was one of gloom. The start with *Justice* had given it rise. *Misalliance*, *The Sentimentalists*, and *The Madras House* had been full of the keenest pleasure, but it was intellectual pleasure that each gave, and not a great deal for the emotions. There had perhaps been insufficient regard for the fact that the theatre is a place where the emotions are uppermost. It remained to strike the note of joy as the keynote of the theatre. There was no joy in *Justice*—only observation which by its fidelity aroused our interest, and technical skill which left, perhaps, all save the initiated cold. Mr. Galsworthy chose to raise his curtain on the honest pug-dog Cokeson adding up figures in a pass-book: "And five's twelve, and three—fifteen; nineteen, twenty-three, thirty-two, forty-one—and carry four." When the curtain rises on *Prunella* it is to a different refrain:

O you naughty, naughty birds, now will you
Come into my garden, and I'll kill you!

The comparison is an impossible one. But it has this amount of suggestion: the theatre in its movement towards realism must not lose sight of its function of giving joy.

When the theatres are given up to plays showing slices of a life which is demonstrably not worth living and to thesis plays showing how it might in one respect or another be made a little less intolerable, when the ultra-commercial theatre comes to be ruled by the cinematograph and the ultra-artistic theatre by marionettes, the spirit of joy in the theatre will not be dead if Pierrot is still alive in it. One does not know where Pierrot came from—from France, maybe, like the “gardener-architeck” who caused all the trouble in the Dutch Garden. Like him, he is against regularity and ways that are straight; he is for chopping and changing and doing things on his own. His delight is to assist Nature in kicking over the traces. Not for him are the gentle paths of rectitude. He is actuated too purely by whim to make the altogether ideal gardener, or, indeed, to shine at any of the professions. His profession is happiness. He may on occasion set his hand to improving what he'd better have left alone, but in no other sense is he one of your reformers. Pierrot's playground is the world, and he finds it a very good playground. Life to him is but a

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moment, and for choice he would live it in a summer garden in the cool hours before dawn, where over morals the moon throws a shade. His hand is against lessons and regular hours and regular meals and the insistent routine of house-life and the philosophy of maiden aunts and all unimaginativeness. He never reads books, but all that's worth knowing he knows, or thinks he knows (which is the same thing). He is half doll, only half human—an inestimable advantage to the hedonist.

Into Prunella's world, then, one day comes Pierrot. Hers is a world bounded by a prim house and by high hedges cut square. But she is young. Not for ever will her world be the Dutch Garden into which no bird may enter save under terrible threats from the Gardener's Boy, and in which butterflies are suffered only by reason of the valuable lesson of minding one's own business which they teach. Not for ever will it be peopled only by her Aunts—Privacy, Prim, and Prude—who are in league with the Gardeners to keep Nature in her place. Prunella is to learn to laugh, to dance, to sing. But at present

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her learning is from "The Gentle Reader," and to deport herself, and to retreat the sash; and romance is to read about the moon, whose further side no one has ever seen, and which it is nice to think *may* have a man in it. She reads aloud about its "constitutents," and the aunts one by one yawn and doze, and nearer and nearer comes the music of the mummers, and Prunella's monotonous little reading voice is soon dancing to its measure. Then over the hedge is thrown a shower of confetti, and coloured streamers fall twisting all about the sleeping Aunts. They awake in consternation and hasten into the house, enjoining Prunella to follow them. But Prunella, in her high-waisted frock of green flowered muslin and her white stockings and shoes, stands straining on tip-toe on her stool to see over the hedge, anticipation in every pretty line of her. Through a hole in the hedge, on hands and knees, creeps Pierrot, chief of the mummers. She looks down and their eyes meet. . . . She will fulfil her little destiny.

She has kissed Pierrot, and they have all danced about her—Pierrot's rollicking, racketty band,

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Kennel and Callow, Mouth and Hawk, Doll, whose heart is of sawdust, Tawdry and Coquette, and Romp the jolly girl. Scaramel, ever at his master's elbow lest in his absence he should omit to yield to temptation, has secured the key of the garden gate ; what might it not unlock for her ! Now the moon is rising, and Pierrot has come back to carry off the little bird from her nest. Pierrot sings, and she comes to her window. Pierrot whispers deep love in the shadow of the porch (it is his fancy to put himself about to win her), and Prunella hears the world talking to her in her sleep. It says to her all the things she has ever said to herself and wished to be true. The world is Pierrot's playground ; come down and it shall be hers—where the gardens have no hedges, and the roses no thorns, and where all birds fly free ! She comes down the ladder, borne in Pierrot's arms. He leads her to the fountain, where stands the statue of Love put up by the Frenchman-architect, and there, while the mummers wrap themselves in long blue cloaks and attend grouped in the moonlight about them, they learn Love's oracle.

PRUNELLA

Prunella's cloak is taken from her, and lo ! she is Pierrette. Pierrot catches her up in his arms and carries her away. . .

When we next see the garden it is autumn, and the light of the setting sun is over the house, thick grown with creepers, and the neglected hedges, and the brown leaves upon the paths. Pierrot returns, in black, without Prunella. For two years he has been with her—well, practically always. Then he lost her. And—new experience for Pierrot !—he has loved more than he meant to, and come back again, and found himself alone. He cannot forget ; he who before—like any one of his careless baggages, now so sadly down at heel—could only just remember yesterday and never the day before. Pierrot has to suffer, and Love has some straight words to say to him. But Prunella, albeit in rags and with other lessons learnt than to laugh and dance and sing, finds her way back to the garden : and here in the charming dull spot of Pierrot's recollection they are re-united. It is moonlight again, and all the garden has grown loud with song. . .

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One would not care to say to what extent the charm of *Prunella* rests upon its new dialogue form, with its inconsequence and its diversity. The queer lilt of it, part verse, part prose, gets into the head, and its extraordinary ease and readiness in fitting all the moods and emotions of the play serve to entwine it in the memory. One finds one's recollections moving to its measure, as *Prunella's* reading voice moved to the measure of the mummers' approaching music. Its quaint irregularity comes most happily from the mouths of the quaint people in the play. It serves at once to suggest the lumbering unimaginativeness of the Gardeners and the ecstasy of *Pierrot*. Without its aid it would have puzzled the authors to give character to *Pierrot's* rollicking, racketty band (with its aid they have not quite succeeded). *Prim*, *Privacy*, and *Prude*, of course, "regulate themselves" in accordance with the injunction they never cease to urge upon their niece *Prunella*. As for *Prunella*, the lines she speaks are simple and straightforward, not because she obeys any injunction of her Aunts (only see the play if you are in any fear of

PRUNELLA

that !), but because she is a dear natural child. Even the Boy can canter in the verse like a young colt when his tongue is loosened by what he has seen of the "moommers." The new dialogue form is admirably dramatic ; shall we ever get these authors to push it any farther ?

As to the ideas and motive of *Prunella*, one is more than disposed to think they share the inconsequence of the dialogue. In the first Act we revolt with Prunella against the Aunts, who are in league with the Gardeners to keep Nature in her place. But we know Pierrot, from his first entry through the hole in the hedge, for a completely non-moral young man with a pretty turn of speech. We enjoy Act Two, with the moonlight, the ladder to the window, and the abduction of the little bird from her nest, very well on these terms. It seems, however, that Prunella has to suffer (as the Aunts said) for kicking, like Nature, over the traces. And Pierrot, before the happy end is reached, is made to point a moral against selfishness. But what are we doing—seeking for consequence in a pierrot play ! It is all fantasy, and the love-making is exquisite fantasy.

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The love was made by Mr. Charles Maude and Miss Dorothy Minto. Mr. Maude *was* Pierrot; light, volatile, moving in his love-making without—until the end—a suspicion of being sincere. He was (most cleverly) half doll, half human, and entirely right. His voice was as flexible as though it had expanded to deal adequately with the verse. Miss Minto also, as Prunella, was beautifully right. It was merely undiscerning to regret, as some of the critics did, that she did not play more in Mr. Maude's vein. Miss Minto plays Prunella in her own vein of charming naturalness—of conventionality if you will (since there is still a fashion, thank the Lord, in young girls who are natural). She fulfils her little destiny. It is in this Prunella and this Pierrot that the beauty of the play lies.

It's a very pretty play. It isn't a children's play nor a Christmas play. (There! did you hear that? That was beginning to move to the measure.) It is a play in three acts for grown-up children. That was what *Prunella* was stated to be on the first play-bills at the Court Theatre. Now, however, its authors call it simply "a pierrot

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play," and the truth is that it is both. And it is more than a very pretty play. *Prunella* is a thing of the purest beauty. One despairs of having been able to suggest or to recall one half the joy the play gives in the theatre. It eludes analysis, because of the compositeness of its effect ; that is why it is and will remain an admirable example of the art of the theatre, most composite of the arts. The setting, the poetry, the acting, the music—they cannot be separated. Of Mr. Joseph Moorat's music, it may be said that one hears it once and thinks its sympathetic unobtrusiveness its highest virtue ; one goes on to think it invaluable. Scene after delicate scene in one's recollection is interpenetrated by it. However, it will suffice to say that the play was in every way so rendered at The Repertory Theatre that to go to it again and again was not to exhaust it. One heard of the *Prunella* habit. As has been said, it came to mean more of the repertory spirit than any other of the plays, so clearly had it the qualities of freshness, of delicacy, of remoteness from the commercial.

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"The old cry!" says Tom Wrench. Arthur Gower, it will be remembered, had temporarily been given some of the business of young Mr. Kirby, the Walking Gentleman, and though the Lady Teazle complimented him, the management said he "lacked vigour." The old cry—for that is what the adverse critics say of the New Drama and of The Repertory Theatre; it lacks vigour. In reality, Arthur Gower, like Rose Trelawny after her return from Cavendish Square, was reserved, subdued; he was too much in love with life to be able to parody it, to tear it to tatters, in the only style of acting the Telfers understood. Rose had no longer any heart to spout and to ladle, and so she failed to satisfy in her old part in the *Pedlar of Malta*, and had her salary cut down. Tom Wrench is the "new" force in this transition period of the 'sixties, and if only one can forget that he is intended for Tom Robertson (fancy Robertson a "new" force!) it is all very like the transition period of to-day. "*Life, a Comedy*, by Thomas Wrench," contained such short speeches, it will be remembered, with such ordinary words in them; no doors stuck

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here, there and everywhere for him, no, nor windows in all sorts of impossible places. One thinks of Mr. Shaw's mid-'ninety campaign against French windows. What we are witnessing now is another movement towards realism. And there are still people who would rather have our actors spout and our dramatists ladle.

Trelawny of the "Wells," then, was a very suitable and interesting choice for the first of The Repertory Theatre's revivals. Although there is nothing "new" about the play—indeed there is much in its technique akin to that of Robertson—it was in the spirit of The Repertory Theatre. It was twelve years since it had been seen, and its reference to the mood of the present moment is more direct, perhaps, than it was to the mood of the Court Theatre in 1898. At the same time, at any ordinary theatre it would have stood less chance of revival than many other plays. Of all the Pinero plays, not one could have been found more suited to the acting of The Repertory Theatre company, nor to its painstaking and sympathetic method of production. It was given with perfect balance and discretion, and a nice understanding

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of the real points of interest in the play—its historic interest to students of the theatre, and its wider interest in the test that it gives to the continuity of the sense of beauty. In a note of direction to the stage-manager which he prefixed to the original edition of the play, Sir Arthur Pinero expressed a fear lest *Trelawny of the "Wells"* might point the chastening moral that beauty may appear to a succeeding generation not to be beauty at all. But he was willing to run the risk. The stage-manager was to be strictly faithful in his representation of the period, "somewhere in the early 'sixties,"—to the last inch of the crinolines, one supposes, and to the ultimate curve of the peg-top trousers, to the furniture in horse-hair and mahogany and walnut-and-rep, and to the heavy whiskers of the swell De Fœnix. There were now twelve more years between us and the 'sixties. The stage-manager had given way to the producer. Another generation came to this revival with yet other standards of taste in dress and furniture and personal beauty. One may take it that The Repertory Theatre producer was more faithful in his reconstruction of the 'sixties

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than any mere stage-manager. Yet Rose Trelawny, decked uncompromisingly, succeeded in striking us as a delightful young person—just as her creator indicated twelve years ago that he rather thought she would do.

Trelawny herself was, of course, again played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh—with a perfect understanding of what is expected from a "star" when playing in a repertory company. In the group round the table at the farewell feast in her honour when she is leaving the "Wells" in the amusing first act, were a number of figures that are memorable; the fading but reverberant Telfer of Mr. Valentine, with his "Have a little 'am"; the faded Mrs. Telfer, who has played fourteen or fifteen queens in her time; the magnificently tragic Ferdy Gadd of Mr. Gerald Lawrence; Mr. Edmund Gwenn making a very low and characteristic comedian of Augustus Colpoys. Miss Hilda Trevelyan was vulgar, good-hearted little Avonia Bunn to the life, and Miss Fay Davis could billow and drawl and languish to her heart's content as the kindly Imogen Parrott. When Rose went to Cavendish

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Square to qualify for marriage into the Gower family, the situation was made as convincing as might be by the beautifully Thackerayan butler of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, and by Mr. Boucicault's clever but conventional portrait of the old ogre of a Vice-Chancellor—who softens at the sight of Kean's sword in act three, finances Tom's play, and is thus, beneath the proscenium arch of the old Pantheon Theatre, the means of bringing Arthur and Rose together. Technically, as has been said, *Trelawny of the "Wells"* is frankly old fashioned, and, apart from its series of able character sketches, it is a thing of ordinary enough sentiment, proceeding well enough on its amiable course to the refrain of "Ever of thee—" Its charm is in the skill with which it reconstructs the life of a period. But Sir Arthur Pinero is not amongst the "literary" dramatists, and it was wonderful to see how his inelastic, sometimes stilted, dialogue was pulled together and improved by the naturalistic acting of the Repertory company—the company, be it remembered, which on other nights of the week was given up to the

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service of what the Telfers call "this new-fangled stuff."

It is the duty of a repertory theatre to be different. To drop into the Duke of York's Theatre and find *Helena's Path* in progress was just like dropping into the Duke of York's Theatre any time these unregenerate ten years. Lords and ladies, a colonel, pretty sentiments, and a Marchesa played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh—one felt at home at once. The memory flew back to Mr. Hope's own *Captain Dieppe*. This performance might have struck the casual visitor as better stage-managed, that is all. It was very nice and blameless and calculated to put no strain on the weariest intellect, but the question could not be avoided—why, with all the theatres at Mr. Frohman's command, present it under any such unfamiliar label as The Repertory Theatre? Two replies were conceivable. It might have been offered hospitality as a delicate fragile thing unfit to be trusted to the rude chances of the commercial theatre; or it might have been put into the bill frankly as light relief, enabling the manage-

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ment by judicious alternation to hold their patrons' interest in admirably serious works throughout the long warm summer. Unfortunately for the first reason, the fact was that *Helena's Path* was cut just to the commercial measure. And, alas for the second reason, the public at this theatre failed entirely to appreciate it.

At this distance of time it is unnecessary to crush Messrs. Anthony Hope and Cosmo Gordon Lennox's butterfly under too ponderous a critical heel. The comedy is an amiable slight thing of cricket and sentiment and country gardens. Helena, the Marchesa, a youthful widow newly retired to the countryside, has a path. That is to say, the path lies in her estate; but her young neighbour, Lord Lynborough, has been so accustomed to use it to get to the sea that he claims to have established a presumption of legal right. The Marchesa has spirit, and is for going to law. Lynborough won't go to law, but he will go to bathe. The Marchesa is not concerned with Lord Lynborough's arrangements over bathing or otherwise. Her ultimatum delivered, the gate is defended by padlock and briers, and by Lady

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Norah Mountliffey. Lynborough jumps over the gate and the head of Lady Norah at one bound, and thus, as he tells the Marchesa, takes his first wicket. Lady Norah thinks him just the sort of man she'd like to fall in love with. Whereupon the Marchesa points out that it is *her* path. The course of Helena's Path will by now be clear; there is no call to follow it laboriously. At the pretty cricket match scene, Lynborough gets several more wickets. The Marchesa makes a show of still holding out; she talks of writs, then of accepting Lynborough's offer to pay some rent more or less nominal. The even prettier scene of the garden by moonlight, however, shows her conquered. Of course Lynborough gets his Helena, and of course Helena gets her path.

The distinguished players were as distinguished as they might be. And *Helena's Path* was not entirely without distinction, because Mr. Granville Barker produced it. The cricket scene was charming and very cleverly put on. It was noteworthy for a backcloth representing one line of trees behind another, foreshortened very boldly, and

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(although no name was given) indicating once more that artists were loose in the theatre.

To present an achievement in dramatic realism such as we have not seen in this country hitherto was reserved for the last of the productions of The Repertory Theatre. *Chains*, by Elizabeth Baker, had been given for one performance by the Play Actors, the Sunday evening society to whom is due the credit for its discovery. It may be regarded as the first veritable "realistic play." It presents a group of ordinary people quite truthfully; that is to say, without idealisation or caricature or other deference to the conventions of the theatre. Their incomes are not multiplied by five in order—as is customary—to placate the great public, which, in its theatre-going, hates anything low. What is even more important, their conversation is so heightened and pointed (for dramatic conversation must be heightened and pointed; if people spoke in the theatre with the sloppy incompetence with which, alas, they commonly speak in life, no dramatic story would ever get itself told) as to lose nothing in actuality.

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One might listen in vain for an occasion to stop the action because any one of the characters was speaking in a manner in which he might not speak in real life. At the same time, with actual people speaking actually, a story is dramatically developed. There you have the realistic play. There have been several attempts at it, notably Mr. McEvoy's *David Ballard*; but none with quite the same degree of achievement as *Chains*.

Chains is the Clerk's Tragedy (too low a thing for the Elizabethans to have written, or any dramatist subsequently). Charlie Wilson is one of those less fortunate clerks to whom a black coat and quill-driving and contesting with the snails the rotten soil of his back-garden—overlooked by six other villas of identical hideousness with his own—are insufficient expression of individuality. We see him at 55 Acacia Avenue, Hammersmith, with his contented little wife, Lil, and their lodger, Tennant. When Tennant springs upon them his decision to throw up his clerkship and try his luck and his manhood in Australia, Charlie is sorely tempted. "You're married," says Tennant. "It's no good being

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cross," says Lil, "you've *got* to make the best of things." "You're *here*. Stick where you are," says Morton Leslie, the worldly wise on two-hundred a year (one meets the man in every suburban railway carriage). Lil's people, the Masseys, are unanimous as to his duty. On a Sunday afternoon at their house in Chiswick—oh those Sunday afternoons!—they have it out with him. There is Alfred Massey, plumber, stertorous on the American-cloth-covered sofa; Mrs. Massey, who "just drops off" in her stiff-backed placid old way; Percy, the boy who flirts because he has nothing else to do with his evenings, and just at present is on with Sybil Frost, the girl who won't play the piano until she is sufficiently pressed. The only one of them who is not a chain on Charlie is Maggie, the girl who herself doesn't want to settle, who wants to *do* things. In the intervals of Moody and Sankey, all the others are about his ears. Charlie braves it out, but appears to be worsted. Then Tennant goes, and Charlie is on the point of going by the next train after him for Australia. But Lil whispers to him that morning that he will have to be a very good man

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soon. In English other than that of the over-delicate, underbred middle classes, there's a child coming. She, as Maggie says, has got him. Paternity is the final chain.

This conflict between Charlie Wilson and the chains that bind him to his sphere in life—Acacia Avenue and the Office—is an admirable dramatic idea, well worth developing. The conflict that ends in submission to circumstance is not the most bracing sort of tragedy, and it will never stir our emotions in the theatre as does a man's mastery over his fate, or his noble sinking under it, as in *Othello*; but it is life, and life some think—with Meredith—is worthy of the muse. It is not open to dub *Chains* a tiresome anecdote—the recourse of those who dislike the method of realism—with even the degree of truth that *Justice* was so dubbed, because the conflict in Miss Baker's play is more human and more personal. Take Charlie's outburst when his wife plays one of the more God-forsaken compositions of Moody; that is a true touch, and it is also a relevant, progressive touch, marking a climax of the dramatic action. You may take, on the other

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hand, the spectacle shown us of Mrs. Massey singing completely through a verse of "Abide with Me," marking the rise and fall of her favourite air with her amiable, foolish old hand. That is relevant only in so far as it can be shown to be another link in Charlie's chains. Is it? The question is worth asking, because it raises the whole question of realism. Why, unless it is significant, put on the stage something which in real life has no beauty, and any pleasure in the performance of which is marred by a queer strain of unpleasantness? Your mere passion for accuracy will lead you nowhither; it is of no more use to the dramatist than to any other artist. It leads to mere cleverness, and that is barren, with no food for the imagination or the emotions. This is the danger of the method of realism, and from it in the main *Chains* is remarkably free. That is why the play is to be regarded, whether or no Miss Baker is as yet complete master of the method, as an achievement.

CHAPTER FIVE : FAILURE

THIS book is not greatly concerned with whether The Repertory Theatre has or has not made a commercial profit. It was a private enterprise. It was in fact—and the fact is well to remember—Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre.

Although our point of view, however, is concerned primarily with the artistic achievement and significance of the experiment, and we have the grace to recognise that the capital ventured was private capital and that even if we wanted to know which plays had made money and which plays had lost money there would be no likelihood of the information forthcoming, there is one thing that may be said. There is no reason why The Repertory Theatre should not have made money. It could never under any circumstances have made a great deal, for a great deal of money is made only in speculative forms of enterprise, and it was against speculation in the theatre, with all its attendant consequences, that The

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Repertory Theatre set its face. A repertory theatre by its nature is not adapted to the making of large pecuniary profits ; it is adapted to the making of artistic success. But if a repertory theatre will make up its mind quite clearly at the outset what public it is going to serve and what proportion gains must bear to losses, there is no reason under Heaven why it should not make also a commercial success, in the sense that everybody concerned, capitalist, managers, actors, and authors, may make a living by it.

But the moment there is confusion of aim there is the possibility of financial disaster. The repertory theatres of Dublin, Manchester, and Glasgow have each in their own way secured their measure of success by keeping a single eye upon the public they intend to serve. One, in the confidence imparted by the possession of a small subsidy, has been enabled on occasion to give plays which have at first found their public unsympathetic ; and to give them again and again until the lack of sympathy has been lived down. The others have made such modification in their fare and in their methods of presenting it as will

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ensure a public of certain definite dimensions—the fare and the public remaining, in spite of such modifications of the strictest repertoryism, clearly and definitely superior in quality to those of the ordinary commercial theatres, with which these theatres are in indirect competition. All three have avoided the error of aiming at more than one public—at a highly exclusive public at one moment, at an only moderately exclusive public at another, and at the next at a public which is not exclusive at all. Now it is this clearness of aim that one is not quite able to recognise in the Repertory Theatre at the Duke of York's. If, after the description given in the two preceeding chapters of the theatre's entirely admirable record, it is possible or necessary to devote a chapter to "Failure," this is the reason. If Mr. Frohman, who of course did not go into it with any idea of commercial profit but for the prestige of an artistic success, has been dissatisfied with the actual commercial result of the experiment, if the experiment has lacked anything in significance and achievement, it is for the reason that there was insufficient care in making it

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quite clear at what The Repertory Theatre was aiming.

This confusion of aim is noticeable in two main particulars. At the outset of the experiment Mr. Frohman delivered himself of a preliminary prospectus. Having the theatre, the directors, and the actors, the next business was the repertory of plays. The prospectus was optimistic, both as to the plays secured for presentation and the plays it was hoped to secure. The optimism regarding the plays secured would have been better a little moderated, for in practice it was found that not more than half their number could be given within the limits of the season. However, optimism regarding the prospects of good work is emphatically the mood in which to start a repertory theatre; it was in speaking of the work which he wanted to attract to the theatre that Mr. Frohman was led into indiscretion. "A repertory theatre" he wrote, "should be the first home of the ambitious young dramatist. I advise him to learn the conventions of the stage, but chiefly that he may be able to disregard them. I have no preference for any particular kind of

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play ; I want what is good of any kind. One sometimes hears it said, 'A good thing, but not a play.' This is one of the kinds I want." Now that is very good sense, and it might with little or no modification have been said by any one of us who is definitely and whole-heartedly on the side of the repertory theatre. But to put it into a preliminary prospectus, and to send it broadcast around the press, was rather like crying the innermost article of one's faith from the housetop. The inevitable result followed. A moment came when the reactionaries found themselves banded together against The Repertory Theatre, seeking for a weapon with which to smite it ; and lo ! Mr. Frohman himself had presented them with the handle. *Misalliance*, *The Sentimentalists*, and *The Madras House* were in the strictest sense good things ; but, presented in rapid succession, they fell at the first few blows of the critics, and carried with them the brightest hopes of The Repertory Theatre. They were "not plays."

The wisdom of the start with *Justice* has already been questioned. Its inspissated gloom supplied the hostile critics with another weapon, of less

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general efficacy, but sufficient in too many instances to supply the *coup de grace*. The wisdom of following it up with the plays of Mr. Shaw, Meredith, and Mr. Barker, could only be justified if it were the fact that The Repertory Theatre was deliberately intending to be a moderately exclusive theatre. If it were so intending, then the solitary sop provided in *The Twelve-Pound Look* was unnecessary; if it were not, the sop was insufficient. It is difficult to believe, however, that the conviction as to aim was a very firm one, for at that point the first revival was thrown into the bill—*Trelawny of the "Wells,"* making anything but an exclusive appeal. Of the remaining revivals, the delightful one of *Prunella* may well have seemed safe; *Chains* also, if not with quite the same public. As for *Helena's Path*, one can account for its inclusion only on the ground that it was expected to appeal to the public which is not exclusive at all, and to be perfectly safe.

Now a consideration of *Helena's Path* and of *Chains* will lead in a moment to a full appreciation of where this confusion of aim landed The

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Repertory Theatre ; but first it will be as well to take the evidence of the list of weekly repertories, showing the alternation of the plays.* A repertory theatre may be likened in method to a juggler ; certainly it may, within reason, be judged in the same way, by the number of things it can keep going. No definite rules can be laid down—one or two have already been considered in the first chapter—as to the number of plays to be performed within the week, and the maximum number of performances of any one play, but it may generally be assumed that the more strenuous and deliberate the adherence to the repertory idea the greater the number of plays per week. The Repertory Theatre started gallantly. First *Justice* and *Misalliance*, then *Justice* and *Misalliance* and the Triple Bill. Then *The Madras House* was added, and for one giddy period of a week or so all four were kept going, in nice alternation. It is difficult not to regard this point as marking the height of The Repertory Theatre's ambition. It is difficult not to see in the record of the ensuing weeks evidence of some confusion of purpose. One might, indeed, suppose that there

* Appendix One.

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had been at this point a complete change of policy. The Meredith fell to rise no more, then *Misalliance*; and next moment one was conscious *The Madras House* was no longer there. *Justice* held its place very determinedly, but was speedily passed in its aggregate by *Trelawny of the "Wells."* Then there came a time when for some weeks at a stretch *Trelawny* and *Prunella* were going up and down together very placidly. The next venture threatened to devote The Repertory Theatre to Hope and Pinero; but this was not to be. Then the decision was made to work *Trelawny of the "Wells"* for all it was worth—and this, as has been said, meant the widest and least exclusive public that could be drawn to the theatre. With *Chains*, a semi-revival of great credit, and the always delightful and invaluable *Prunella*, the season drew to its close.

Reproach for running *Trelawny* for all it was worth is out of the question. The opportunity presented itself to recoup on one of the plays which had found its public the losses on those plays which had failed to find their public in sufficient numbers. It is, indeed, a prime virtue

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of the repertory system that loss on one production may be cut by gain on another, to the avoidance of those distressing downfalls which are so far from infrequent in the commercial theatre. One's apprehensions at the time were on the score of indecision; and in retrospect one is bound to feel they were not ill-founded. The theatre lacked a single mind quite clearly made up as to what public it was going to serve, and at what it was aiming.

Consider *Helena's Path* and *Chains*. The one was as commonplace a piece of work (while not altogether without charm) as ever occupied the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre. Its production was placed in the hands of Mr. Barker. He added immeasurably to its charm and almost gave it distinction, with a summer garden seen from an original angle by moon and lantern-light, and a country cricket scene very cleverly viewed, that remain in the memory. But he couldn't save *Helena's Path* from being, for The Repertory Theatre, a horrible blunder. Now the other, a remarkable piece of dramatic realism, calling for exact and imaginative sympathy in its production,

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was not given to the producer of *Strife* and *Votes for Women!* and *The Silver Box*. It was produced by Mr. Boucicault. It is in no spirit of disrespect to Mr. Boucicault that one recalls the fact that the hundred-and-fifty-a-year Charlie Wilson was made to live in a style better befitting twice that income, and that the otherwise admirably truthful "sing-song" in the first act was spoilt by the old trick of making it audible in recurrent bursts, conveniently silent whenever anything had to be heard in the front room. The result of unsympathetic production and of more than one mistake in casting was curiously to rob of its full effect one of the most extraordinarily effective plays of recent times. It was purely a case of giving the wrong play to the wrong man. Mr. Boucicault is an exceptionally able craftsman to whom the stage is as his own pocket. His production of *Old Friends*, with the curve of the white staircase down which Carry creeps in the dark, is one of the most memorable things in the record of The Repertory Theatre. One assumes also it was another of Mr. Boucicault's happy partnerships with Sir Arthur Pinero that was responsible for

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the admirably painstaking and sympathetic revival of *Trelawny of the "Wells."* Mr. Barker is a producer—in addition to being a dramatist—of genius, who gets his effects in the theatre with something of the certainty and imaginative sympathy of the perfect conductor of an orchestra. This is not to say that he never slips—one seems to remember that Prunella's Dutch Garden was lit by two if not three moons. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Barker are both capable of directing a repertory theatre. But it would not be the same repertory theatre. At the Duke of York's it was Mr. Barker who called the first four tunes ; then considerations of finance triumphed for a space over those of glory, and Mr. Boucicault was installed to pay the piper ; while at the finish Mr. Boucicault and Mr. Barker were directing the piping together, and the instruments would appear to have become mixed.

Before dismissing *Helena's Path*, it is well to observe the position of the play in the table of the season.* The play cut deliberately to the ordinary or commercial measure was the

* Appendix One.

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one play to fail signally to attract its public, not one-third of the number coming to see it that came to see Meredith's *Sentimentalists*. So a repertory theatre may aim at several publics and not succeed in hitting them. By indecision, it courts the disaster attendant upon hitting none.

Of course, this term "failure" in relation to a repertory theatre—or any other theatre which is not run primarily for profit—requires precise definition.

It will have been appreciated that what this chapter is concerned with estimating is the degree in which Mr. Frohman's experiment failed in artistic achievement. It would have been desirable to achieve commercial success; whether The Repertory Theatre did so or not, there is, as has been said, no reason in the nature of things why it should not have done so. Among the respects, however, in which its failure in achievement must be considered artistic failure, is that it did not perform all that it promised.

Five plays included in Mr. Frohman's too optimistic prospectus were not given; for *The*

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Outcry, by Henry James, and Mr. Masefield's *Tragedy of Pompey the Great* one particularly grieves. *Helena's Path* was not promised but, as we have seen, was vouchsafed. The fifteen revivals promised, of plays by Mr. Shaw, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Barker, Sir Arthur Pinero, and Mr. Haddon Chambers, of course presupposed a longer season than The Repertory Theatre enjoyed. It must also be accounted a deficiency that the one-act plays which were to "receive great encouragement" are conspicuous in the record by their absence. Mr. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look* was employed to eke out the shorter bills with an iteration that came within an ace of being damnable.

So much for failure. In no useful sense of the word can the artistic distinction gained to a theatre—irrespective of commercial profit or loss—by the production of *The Madras House* be regarded as failure. Or take the case of *The Sentimentalists*, near the bottom of the list. The public willing to pay to see Meredith's sole work for the theatre is exhausted in six performances; that is to say, supposing the Duke of York's Theatre (which accomodates eleven hundred) to be half filled

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at each performance, it numbers upwards of three thousand persons. One may regret the number is not larger—a useless proceeding. One may rejoice on one's own account at having been enabled to see the comedy, thanks to a repertory theatre—for assuredly in no other sort of theatre would one have done so. That is the mood in which one begins to appreciate what a repertory theatre is. This joyous thing of Meredith's has been placed within the reach of three times as large a public as would give success to the average work of commercial fiction. Yet, theatrically, this is "failure." Here is the function of the repertory theatre—to produce the plays which happen not to appeal to the hundreds of thousands (as the ordinary play must), but only to the tens of thousands and the thousands.

CHAPTER SIX : SUCCESS

TO any one who has grasped the repertory idea it is needless to say very much of the symptoms of success. There is a difference in kind between the plays to be given at a repertory theatre and those which may safely be left to make their own market. It is not that the latter kind are necessarily of lower artistic value—*Hamlet* is one of them. It is simply, as we have seen, that one kind is capable of appealing to the hundreds of thousands, and the other kind to the tens of thousands and the thousands. The question is whether The Repertory Theatre at the Duke of York's did in the main, within the reservations noted in the preceding chapter, succeed in giving this second kind of play, and examples of it that were well worth giving. And further, this book will have been written in vain if it has not already made clear that there is something abroad to-day in the theatre which may be called the repertory spirit—something of that spirit of "eager life while we live," which, according to Morris, is

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above all things the aim of art. Was there anything of this spirit to be noted in The Repertory Theatre ?

The record of the plays has been set out. There was *Justice*, a play of such deliberate intention and austere technique that it falls without hesitation into the class of limited appeal. *Misalliance* might have been expected to interest a public of the same size as that which *Getting Married* interested—it remains to be explained why it did not quite do so. It was calculated to make a more restricted appeal than *You Never Can Tell* or *Candida* on one hand and *Man and Superman* on the other—plays which have already shown their capability of holding their own on the system of a continuous run. *The Sentimentalists* was a thing of rare and strange beauty, calling for a sympathy of ear and eye which is at present the possession of but a limited public. It was typically a repertory play. *Old Friends* qualified by its gloom—the most prominent of the restrictive qualities while playgoers insist upon brightness. *The Madras House* had a depth unequalled, perhaps, by any other work presented ; emphatically it wasn't

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everybody's play. It was aggressively novel in form. *Prunella*, again, was typically the play for The Repertory Theatre in its delicacy and in its bloom that would so easily rub off. One will not go wrong in regarding it above all as the receptacle of the repertory spirit. It has found its own small public, and it holds it firmly. One comes to it after each lapse of time with increased pleasure. *Chains*, to see the light, had had to be dependent upon the performance of a private society, and it would not conceivably have gone into the regular bill of any but The Repertory Theatre. It is the first realistic play of satisfying achievement in this country, and the movement towards realism in the theatre has up to the present (although it is steadily winning ground) a following which is strictly limited in numbers.

Trelawny of the "Wells," Helena's Path, and The Twelve-Pound Look, were the plays which with less success came within the characteristic repertory class, for reasons that have already been discussed.

When we come to look for the repertory spirit we shall find it most readily in the acting. A standard

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of acting was set up which was undoubtedly superior to that of any other theatre in London. It was acknowledged to be so by the friendly and the unfriendly alike. Of course, it would be true to say the same of the standard of acting set up at the Court Theatre under Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker; and in large degree The Repertory Theatre was carrying on the tradition of that acting. But there was one distinction, and it is important to notice. Although the Court Theatre was characteristically the home of eager life while it lived, it was not strictly a repertory theatre. The acting was in every instance satisfactory, in many instances brilliant and memorable, but it was not the acting of a repertory company. To take only a couple of instances—*You Never Can Tell* and *Hedda Gabler* were in the bill contemporaneously at evening and matinée performances respectively, and in only one instance had any player a part in both. Similarly, *The Return of the Prodigal* and *Prunella* were played together with but three players in both casts. It was the excellent custom of the Court directors to go far afield for the right player for the right part. Thus the Court Theatre

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had not a stock company, although it had the nucleus of a stock company which did good and persistent service and which, by virtue of its unique training, became in time the nucleus of the stock company of The Repertory Theatre. It was the still more excellent custom of The Repertory Theatre to cast the plays so far as possible from this stock company—without, of course, any rigid rule against going afield for a particular player when especially desirable. To realise the degree of success with which the ten plays presented were cast from the members of the stock company, one has only to glance at the records of the players,* from which it is seen that more than one took part in six of the plays, and nearly all in as many as three or four. In all, including the players who were added for the purpose of playing specific parts—as were Miss Saker, Mr. Gerald Lawrence and Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald for *Trelawny of the "Wells"* and Mr. C. M. Lowne for *Misalliance*—the Repertory Theatre company numbered fifty-eight, thirty actors and twenty-eight actresses. Thanks in part to the resources and facilities of

* Appendix One.

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Mr. Frohman, it satisfied very well the requirements of a first-class repertory company in being "large and representative yet not over-grown." *

It is not necessary again to go into the desirability of the repertory system from the point of view of the actor who is an artist, its undesirability from the point of view of the actor who is merely a professional. The fact is that repertory companies tend to be recruited from those who regard their profession as an art, and are eager and not afraid of hard work. When the Abbey Theatre Company presents twenty different plays during their London season of four weeks, the achievement is only made possible by spending the whole of every morning in rehearsing the evening's bill. At the Duke of York's, also, the repertory spirit was in evidence in that some very exacting demands made upon the

* Archer and Barker, "A National Theatre." It is of interest to note that their suggested National Theatre repertory company consisted of forty-two actors and twenty-four actresses, while the Comedie-Française presented its repertory in 1909, as we saw in the first chapter, with thirty-six actors and twenty-nine actresses. These figures, however, would not cover the players of the quite minor parts, as do those given above.

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actors were cheerfully and even eagerly met. At one period Mr. Dennis Eadie was within the week performing an extraordinary feat of imaginative self-subjection in the part of Mr. Galsworthy's criminal, delivering the brilliant lines of Meredith's old Philosopher with delightful incisiveness and understanding, and as Philip Madras achieving something like collaboration with Mr. Barker. One cannot do better than single out Mr. Eadie as the personification of the spirit that is meant. Unobtrusive, reliant, his tireless powers of observation and his admirable technique were at the service of whatever calls might be made upon him. Now repertory acting is not a mere matter of what is called versatility. The word carries with it a suggestion of the quick-change artist, who puts the emphasis on the surprising completeness of the disguise rather than on the perfect conviction of each impersonation. In repertory acting the call is not for this sort of virtuosity. It is suppleness that is wanted. That is another word for the possession of imagination—and also, probably, of the faculty of sympathetic observation. If the acting has suppleness, it counts for nothing that

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the actor is always recognisable. That is a matter of personality. Amongst the ablest of repertory acting is that of Miss Maire O'Neill of the Abbey Theatre, who has the faculty of charging, as it were, her personality with the characteristics of the part she is presenting. In successive plays she will present the most diverse characters, and be each one to the life, but she is always herself. It is a faculty that is shared in less degree by all the Irish players, and is what gives to their acting its significance. A growing appreciation of what is good repertory acting will have done with this loose admiring talk of versatility, and will welcome personality in the theatre. Mr. Eadie is such an admirable repertory actor because he unites to his suppleness an extraordinary capacity for subjecting his own personality to the general tone and complexion of the play. His Charlie Wilson was as perfect an example of this as was his Falder ; and, as an instance of his simple power of being invaluable whatever the play, you have his Tom Wrench in *Trelawny of the "Wells."*

Other reputations were made and enhanced. No member of the company infected one more

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successfully with the repertory spirit than did Mr. Charles Maude—an actor of delightful suppleness of method. He has not yet in the same degree as Mr. Eadie the faculty of being invaluable in whatever part he puts his hand to, but he possesses outstanding personality. His Pierrot was a triumph of personality and of supple grace, and is undoubtedly the most memorable single performance of the season. His study of the little finicking Cockney showman, in *The Madras House*, with his sing-song of Anglo-French, was also a little masterpiece. Next one would mention Miss Mary Jerrold, who came into the company from the Glasgow Repertory Theatre. She played five parts, and four of them are very sharp and pleasant in the memory. As the Meredithian philosopher, Lyra, she swore in the garden as prettily as one could wish. With an equal understanding and bravery she was Mr. Barker's very different little philosopher, Miss Yates. As Doll in *Prunella*, with the painted smile and her little turned in toes, we are in no danger, as Pierrot was, of forgetting her. Her Lady Norah nearly succeeded in putting life into Mr. Anthony Hope's

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pale little play. Miss Jerrold suggests unfailing intelligence and zest in doing the utmost with whatever part she is given, if it be but that of the slavey in *Trelawny of the "Wells."* Which is to say that she possesses the repertory spirit.

Miss Florence Haydon has become an institution. One trembles to think what the intellectual drama would do without her. There is the Florence Haydon part, just as there is the Dorothy Minto part, and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Barker must be kept busy supplying them. There is danger when the characters of different dramatists come out so much alike in the hands of the actor. It recalls Lamb's old objection to something in the nature of acting, "which levels all distinctions." But her feather-headed, endearingly fatuous old ladies are irresistible. There were Mrs. Tarleton in *Misalliance* and Mrs. Huxtable in *The Madras House*, and she imported a third into *Chains* rather, one thinks, than quite realising anything conceived by the dramatist. Aunt Prim in *Prunella* and Mrs. Mossop in *Trelawny* were portraits a little out of Miss Haydon's usual way, each sumptuous in finish.

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Miss Haydon served at the Court Theatre her apprenticeship as foil-in-chief to the intellectuals.

It was at the Court Theatre, also, that Mr. Edmund Gwenn established his reputation. He is just the actor for a repertory company. He shares with Mr. Eadie his powers of observation, and builds up one after another character studies of astonishing verisimilitude. Sometimes they are little masterpieces, not a hair nor an intonation nor a gesture out, like his 'Enery Straker or his Mr. Walker (the labour member) at the Court. Such was his Alfred Massey in *Chains*, an astoundingly perfect piece of naturalistic acting. Sometimes Mr. Gwenn's portraits exceed the mark, as did his Drinkwater in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and his Colpoys here. The truth is he is not so unfailingly clever as Mr. Eadie at turning out bricks whatever the quality of the straw, and his Cokeson in *Justice*, in outline well realised, just wavered curiously on this side of conviction. The impersonation which Mr. Gwenn appeared to relish most was Sir Harry Sims. To watch him rehearsing Knighthood, with its five things—"the Glide, the Dip, the Kiss, the Rise,

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and you Back Out ; it's short, but it's a very beautiful ceremony !"—was a portion of Mr. Barrie's little farce one could unreservedly enjoy.

Other recruits from the Court Theatre who did persistently good work in nearly every play were Mr. Lewis Casson, Mr. Hubert Harben, Mr. Frederick Lloyd, Miss Mary Barton, and Miss Sybil Thorndike (who succeeded very well in making plausible the enthusiastic Maggie in *Chains*). A brilliant young newcomer was Mr. Donald Calthrop. He made an extraordinarily good "Shaw boy" in *Misalliance* ; and he contributed a beautifully observed sketch of an office-youth to *The Madras House*. Mr. Calthrop is probably a mimic of exceptional parts, so precisely does he hit off peculiarities of speech and appearance. But that way danger lies, as his Boy in *Prunella* showed, which was mechanical and excessive, quite shockingly so at the last performances. When he uses his head, Mr. Calthrop suggests the possession of intelligence and suppleness and altogether exceptional endowments.

Mr. Arthur Whitby is a delightfully unctuous comedian who created two unforgettable figures.

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His Mr. State, American financier and sentimentalist, was perhaps the most perfect piece of naturalistic acting of the season. And one could see his delightfully sinister Scaramel time after time and never weary. Indeed, it left one with a wish to see Mr. Whitby's as Iago. Mr. Whitby possesses a personality of curious force, which he put with the happiest effect into otherwise unimportant parts in *Chains* and *Helena's Path*.

Mr. Sydney Valentine and Mr. Charles Bryant added to reputations already soundly established in the ordinary theatre, and demonstrated the readiness with which the more able actors will adapt themselves to the conditions of repertory. Mr. Valentine made of Constantine Madras an immensely impressive figure, while in a different genre his reconstruction as Telfer in *Trelawny of the Wells* of the actor of the order which has passed, was full of imaginative humour. Mr. Bryant, in the speech for the defence in *Justice*, gave what was undoubtedly the finest piece of pure elocution of the season. He also embodied most successfully Mr. Shaw's young man of forceful action. Mr.

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Bryant is masterly in his handling of words so as to give them the greatest possible effect in the theatre. One wishes a part had been given to him in *The Sentimentalists*, which was a demonstration of the joy of speech.

Mr. O. P. Heggie did a number of things very well, and one thing consummately—Mr. Shaw's "dam little clerk." The windmill-like gestures with which he gave point to his oratory were vividly true and humorous.

Mr. E. W. Garden made a completely living figure of old Henry Huxtable in *The Madras House*. Mr. Garden, also, in the small parts of Mr. Ablett and of the Third Gardener in *Prunella*, admirably exemplified the repertory spirit.

Two ladies of charmingly diverse personality are responsible for the keenest of pleasant memories. The Repertory Theatre could not have dispensed with Miss Dorothy Minto. As Carry in Mr. Barrie's *Old Friends* she was beautifully simple and sincere, and her performance will save the little tragedy from being forgotten. As *Prunella* she is just a dear natural child, and is triumphantly right. We do not owe

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her Prunella to The Repertory Theatre, but we owe to it the happiness of having seen her Prunella again. Then there was that actress of elusive charm, Miss Fay Davis. No one could have embodied more nicely than she the intellectual piquancy of Meredith's dedicated widow in her old-world garden. How irresistibly she carried the uncompromising frocks of Imogen Parrott, and what play the character gave for that insurrectionary dimple of Miss Davis's! And she was able to realise quite beautifully the over-civilised woman who was wife to Mr. Barker's Philip Madras.

The acting of the stock company, then, was individually always good and sometimes brilliant, and nearly every member rose on occasion to some one performance of outstanding distinction. Of the concerted brilliance of the acting, which is the achievement of the producer, mention will be made in a moment. Let us consider first the performance of those who, in accordance with the judicious principle which has been referred to, were brought into the company to play specific parts. At the outset of the Repertory

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Theatre experiment, one of the gravest of one's doubts was concerned with the suggested co-operation of "stars." How would they stand transplantation from the firmament in which they were accustomed to shine to one so different in its conditions as a repertory theatre, in which indeed the shining of any individual in adventitious brilliance is forbidden? It was the successful fusion with the rest of the company about which one had one's doubts. But The Repertory Theatre was fortunate in its stars. It is by reason of her shining intelligence that Miss Irene Vanbrugh is a star. It is, if one comes to think of it, always an intellectual appeal that she makes. Her playing, be it of a Pinero heroine for the three-hundred-and-fiftieth time, is always delightful in its suppleness. So that Miss Vanbrugh came into the Repertory company to play Rose Trelawny and was at home from the first. She might have remained to play something more worthy of her intelligence than was Mr. Hope's Marchesa. Miss Lena Ashwell, also, if it were only for her work at the Kingsway on behalf of an intelligent drama, was deserving of the honour

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of a place in The Repertory Theatre. She stepped into it, in the person of Mr. Shaw's lady acrobat, with a perfect regard for all the other participants in the debate. One reason there is perhaps for hesitation in welcoming Miss Ashwell: her presence would seem to have moved Mr. Barrie to writing *The Twelve-Pound Look* especially to display her powers. It might otherwise have been such a much better little piece. That it was written for display, and for nothing more worthy, is proved by the fact that when Miss Hilda Trevelyan took over Miss Ashwell's part she could do nothing else with it than give an excellent imitation of Miss Ashwell. Miss Trevelyan was the third of the stars. She was a model of all that she should have been in the subsidiary part of Avonia Bunn in *Trelawny*. But then Miss Trevelyan is the most reticent and sympathetic of stars. If her personality was of no service to *Chains*, the fault was none of hers, but was that of the policy which imposed her upon a play where there was no room for her. It was here that the policy of bringing in stars—a wise one for a repertory theatre so long as urgent

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desirability alone brings it into exercise—came to its Waterloo.

There were some who were brought in to play specific parts without being stars, and without, therefore, giving any cause for nervous apprehension. Miss Miriam Lewes was the latest and not the least ensnaring of Shaw girls, and a good second to Miss Lillah McCarthy in her appreciation of the essentially lyrical quality of Mr. Shaw's prose. Miss Edyth Olive made as appealing a figure of Ruth Honeywill as Mr. Galsworthy would allow, and was wonderfully effective in her restraint. The beautifully Thackerayan butler of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald in *Trelawny of the "Wells"* is unforgettable. Mr. Boucicault, in addition to producing, was the Vice-Chancellor who enquired of Rose Trelawny, "Do we lack cheers?"; and he contributed to *Justice* a masterly little study of the Judge.

The art of producing is a part of the art of the theatre which, if it is not altogether the outcome of the new spirit abroad, has developed contemporaneously. The function of the producer is to give artistic unity to the representation upon the

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stage. The artistic conscience of the theatre is in his keeping. As this artistic conscience has developed, the function of the producer has been realised to be increasingly indispensable. The history of the nineteenth century theatre has been the history of the development of the artistic conscience. One does not think it was very active in the theatre of Thomas Morton and of George Colman the younger. It was slumbering, let us say. Robertson, with all his claims to be a dramatic revivalist, took good care not to awaken it. What Robertson possessed was a very well-developed commercial conscience. The commercial conscience remained a healthy monopolist in the Sardou-enfolded theatre, and its guidance was accepted with but little reservation in the theatre of Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones. Similarly it has been challenged only in recent years in the sphere of the poetic drama by the rise of the producer. In Kean's theatre, when *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was acted, Hazlitt found it to be "converted from a delightful fiction into a dull pantomime. All that is finest in the play is lost in the representation. The spectacle was grand : but the spirit

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was evaporated, the genius was fled." We are even yet not unacquainted with these dull Shakespearean pantomimes, with their grand spectacle, from which the spirit has fled. Irving did better. Genius was not absent from his productions, if it was not always the genius of Shakespeare. It would not be possible to overlook the significance of the Lyceum to the art of the theatre, if only the reason that from it Mr. Gordon Craig derived his inspiration. Apart from what Mr. Craig has done, and the work of Mr. William Poel—who succeeds in his productions in suggesting in an extraordinary degree the contemporary Shakesperean spirit, but supplies little interpretative imagination of his own—in recent years but two tolerable Shakesperean revivals remain in the memory for the spirit they retained. Both serve to mark the rise of the new influence of the producer.. One is *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Adelphi—"the play produced for Otho Stuart by Oscar Asche." The other is Mr. J. H. Leigh's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* at the Court Theatre in April, 1904—"the play produced by Mr. Granville Barker."

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Robertson, one gathers from *Trelawny of the Wells*," came to wish that O'Dwyer—that "most capable, invaluable fellow"—was dead. The day of O'Dwyer passed, and he was superseded by the stage-manager, who could manage a stage without raving and stamping about it. But with the production of plays more elusive in their spirit than the comedies of Robertson—which might well, indeed, be produced by the stage-manager, since they are as well within his understanding as that of the author—the stage-manager has seen the rise of the producer. It was not a case this time of supersession. The stage-manager retains control of all the mechanical work of the stage. The producer is the new supplementary authority who assumes responsibility for the artistic unity of the whole. It is a simple matter of allotment of function. The dramatist supplies both letter and spirit. The stage-manager is competent to deal with the letter, and the producer's business is to interpret the spirit. The dramatist may be his own best producer, like Mr. Shaw. But in general the producer will require to combine sympathy with the work of the dramatist and an

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understanding of the manifold technique of the stage that the dramatist does not possess. The producer may, of course, still call himself the stage-manager. But that does not alter the fact that the producer has arrived.

With the advent of the repertory theatre the producer might be expected to have come into his own. The history of the last few years in the theatre has been the history of the active development of the artistic conscience—not altogether apart, as might be hastily concluded, from the commercial theatre. It is a truer view of the more worthy of the managers which sees them as anxious to listen to the still small voice of their artistic consciences to the degree that is consistent with commercial stability in their most risky of businesses. To such a degree, for instance, as to recognise the function of the producer. There is no merit whatever in a name, it is true. But “producer” has been something more than a name in the case, for example, of Mr. Dion Boucicault, whose name has been familiar on the playbills of the last half-dozen years in connection with the works of Mr. Barrie, Mr. Hope, and Mr. Maugham.

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The impetus, no doubt, has come from the artistic theatre, from the societies—above all, from the Stage Society, whose plays have from the outset been in the hands of one or another of the members of the Society for production. It was in this connection that Mr. Granville Barker first made his name as producer.

Mr. Barker and Mr. Boucicault, then, were installed as producers to The Repertory Theatre, and it became a familiar legend that they were responsible for the production of the plays. The relative share of each in the responsibility, and the uncertainty and failure consequent upon the lack of single and decisive direction, have been discussed in the foregoing chapter. What remains to be said is that a standard of production was set up which has never been equalled in this country, and which was well worthy of the first theatre in London to put artistic conscientiousness in the forefront of its purposes.

There is a tone in acting, as Hazlitt recognised, as well as in painting, which is its chief and master excellence ; and it is this tone that good production gives. Concerted brilliance is no more to be

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attained by *laissez faire* individualism amongst the members of the company than it is amongst the members of the orchestra. It is unfortunately true that the theatre gives scope for the outstanding of individuals as other arts do not ; but if the First Violin were to insist upon special illumination and facilities for being admired, such a state of things would not in reality be more destructive to the art of the concert-hall than is the dominance of the actor-manager in the theatre. The comedy, just as the symphony, only really exists when the harmony of its parts is preserved with perfect sympathy and understanding. The producer is to the one what the conductor is to the other. One no more than the other may rely upon any mere drilling of the members of his company. The good producer will utilise their skill, their suppleness, their intelligence to the full, and he will also utilise their personality ; he will even be willing to recognise that any one of the actors may have a better conception of an individual part than he has himself. Spontaneity and the working of individual imaginations will go for much with

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him. The best that each member of the company can contribute it is the function of the good producer to evoke, and then to blend all these contributions into a concerted whole.

The production at The Repertory Theatre stood this test, and gave this impression of concerted brilliance. The brilliant individual performances which it permitted, and the general good service from the actors which it evoked, have already been commented upon. Of its own creative achievements, one recalls Mr. Barker's putting on of the court scene in *Justice*—a triumph of observation and of imaginative reconstruction, so convincing as to raise sharply a question of some difficulty—for certain people when they want one sort of amusement go, they say, to the law-courts, and when they want another go to the theatre. Mr. Barker's imagination, however, works within limitations in such scenes as this, although the view chosen of the court, the effective turning-on of the green-shaded lights as the trial drew to its climax, the whole movement and paraphernalia, down to the audible

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dropping of a book, gave evidence that it was at work. There is more pleasure in the recollection of his treatment of *Prunella* and of *The Sentimentalists*. In each the setting was in perfect harmony with the delicate spirit of the play, calculated to heighten its beauties and to enforce its appeal to the emotions; while nothing of over-emphasis was suffered to distract. In the face of these productions we may forget the dull pantomines labelled *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and reverse the conclusion to which Hazlitt was driven, that poetry and the stage do not agree well together.

There was in *Prunella*, it is true, more than one moon. But that is merely to say that in stage lighting and scenic effect The Repertory Theatre has not gone all the way. In these matters the art of the theatre has a very long way yet to go—that is, of course, the truth. But here again the spirit of The Repertory Theatre was the right spirit. There were artists loose in the theatre. The share of Mr. William Rothenstein and of Mr. Norman Wilkinson in *The Sentimentalists* has received its tribute. Miss Pamela Colman Smith

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designed the costumes of the mummers in *Prunella*. The very distinctive scenery of *The Madras House* was the work of Mr. Keith Henderson and Mr. Wilkinson. Even *Helena's Path* was not without a daringly successful back cloth to its cricket-match. At last the spirit of experiment is abroad. There is no other theatre where so much has been attempted, although Mr. Trench has done well in having set Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. S. H. Sime, and Mr. Cayley Robinson to work. The Repertory Theatre has at least done something in avoiding vulgar ostentation and in achieving sufficient beauty of scenic setting to add appreciably to the joy of the theatre.

One other detail of management is worthy of mention, since it has been the occasion of controversy. The curtain was raised at the end of the acts, and the actors were suffered to bow their acknowledgements, in continuation of the practice at the Court Theatre. It is, of course, the practice of every theatre, but it is the duty of The Repertory Theatre to be different. The practice, particularly in relation to the austere *Justice*, was the subject of condemnation. It

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is hard to see with what reason. The ideal audience, may be, would not want to give vent to its gratification by the audible application of one palm to the other. But the theatre is a place where the emotions are uppermost, and on the whole this is not an undesirable way of giving them vent. The practice of raising the curtain becomes objectionable when it precedes and is a signal for the applause, and when it is actuated not by the desire of the audience to see the actor, but by the desire of the actor to be seen. To have the dead Falder popping up smiling is offensive; but to allow the audience to recognize the artist who has made Falder live for them seems a reasonable enough concession. At the least it is as reasonable as to allow them on the first night to see the author. It is difficult to suppose that the author is encouraged by the experience to write better plays; whereas it is a psychological fact that the actor does his work the better for sympathetic and discriminating applause.

CHAPTER SEVEN : ON LEAVING ARISTOTLE OUT

Give me a faithful, understanding soul.
HENRY TUBBE, "To the Critick"

One must live. MR. A. B. WALKLEY,
to the Committee on
the Censorship

FACED by a Repertory Theatre in London, the critics did not come well out of the ordeal; they fell back upon Aristotle and into inertia, or swore horrible oaths without meaning or application.

There is no need to spend words here over the press, whose interest in the theatre is limited to what can be made out of it—in revenue from its advertisements and in cheap copy from its personalities and the stories of its plays. The significance of this press to the theatre is no greater than that of the vendors of postcards who drive a good trade in the fair features of its charming ladies. It found itself uncomfortably divided between allegiance to Mr. Frohman, a great advertiser, and distrust of the new thing he was doing; and distrust gained the upper

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hand. The more reputable daily papers do not stand to be losers by the new dramatic movement, for the repertory theatre is particularly dependent upon advertising to make known its changes of bill. Their attitude towards Mr. Frohman's experiment, however, was simple; any stick was good enough to beat a bad dog. With one weapon they made great play, and it was, as we have seen, placed in their hands by Mr. Frohman himself. Each successive production of The Repertory Theatre was—so the public was informed—"not a play."

Now the decision in this clearly delicate matter, of what is and what is not a play, was left to Aristotle.

Thus, *Justice* was not a tragedy. Tragedy must be an imitation of persons who are above the common level; read Aristotle. *Misalliance* was not a play. The plot must be the first principle and the soul of a play; read Aristotle. *The Sentimentalists* was not a play. Character and thought are merely obscured by a diction that is over brilliant; read Aristotle. As for *The Madras House*, did not Aristotle lay it down that "the

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action must be entire, of a piece, and one without episodes" ?

He did not, as a matter of fact, in these words, for they are a restatement by Dryden, an admirable critic, although a little disposed to lean upon his classical predecessor ; and Dryden goes on to add—"the time limited to a natural day ; and the place circumscribed at least within the compass of one town or city." Now these two of the notorious Three Unities are admitted to be the purest accretions, due to the super-subtlety of the Italian critics of the Renaissance and never laid down by Aristotle at all. That is the way with your eternal verities ; those in authority have a habit of re-stating them with a slight additional bias against the disturbingly active movement of the moment.

Amongst the things this Aristotle did undeniably lay down, in the very same treatise as his verities, was that even a woman may be good and also a slave ; though the woman may be said to be an inferior being, and the slave quite worthless.

Should the dramatist of *The Madras House*

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similarly have modified his conception to accord with these statements? It is no more likely that Aristotle—expressing two thousand years ago the best that was in him, like any honest man—should have said the last word on Drama than that he should have said it on Woman.

What sort of critics are they, then, who would condemn a play by reference to Aristotle, and not for the reason that it fails to give them pleasure in the theatre?

They, like Pierrot's friends, are rather a mixed lot. There are the good critics "with brains and a temperament," and there are "the dullards who think that criticism consists in spotting mistakes." There is Johnson's poring man. There are the complete critics, possessed of a memory like bird-lime and the true critical style, with a tag from Pepys or Boswell for every rule in the rubric and every crime in the dramatist's decalogue—"These fellows peck up wit as pigeons pease, And utter it again as God doth please." There are the critics towering in the confidence of twenty-one, who would constrain us all to a course of Sardou, Scribe, Sudermann, and the

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younger Dumas. Too much in evidence is Dickens' Mr. Curdle, who had, it will be remembered, read much upon the subject and thought much. "The unities, sir," said he, "are a completeness—a kind of universal dovetailedness, with regard to time and place—a sort of general oneness, if I may be allowed to use so strong an expression."

What all this talk of Aristotle amounts to—and not of Aristotle alone, but of Scribe and Sardou and Sarcey and Dumas *père* and Dumas *fils* and Goethe and Lessing and Brunetière and Le Bon, with their dicta that drama must be shown and not heard, that it must present life "highly coloured," that it must be cut to the measure of the dullest and laziest spectator, being a function of the crowd, *etcetera, etcetera*—is a gigantic conspiracy against progress.

From Aristotle to Stevenson, every writer on the theatre has laid down his "must" about it. Whereas the need of the theatre is freedom to experiment.

Incidentally the younger Dumas said the wise thing—that the exigencies are the only conven-

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similarly have modified his conception to accord with these statements? It is no more likely that Aristotle—expressing two thousand years ago the best that was in him, like any honest man—should have said the last word on Drama than that he should have said it on Woman.

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to leave Aristotle out. In the degree, however, that Aristotle is hung as a weight about the feet, those who are working towards a serious drama will leave him out of their advance. In this sense, and in this sense only, was The Repertory Theatre an "advanced" theatre.

How can we hope for a serious drama (serious in the good—the French—sense of that word) when we have so little criticism that is serious? Dramatic criticism must have imagination and it must have sympathy; else will it not be worthy of the advancing drama it is its function to interpret and to guide.

To this end it has been proposed to endow dramatic criticism, even as we are about to endow drama. There is no reason to think the effect would be similarly beneficial; this would not be to make criticism more imaginative nor to give it quicker sympathy, but to make it more academic, and it is already academic enough. Two simple things, however, may be done. By paying for his stall the critic may purchase his independence cheaply at half a guinea. And somehow the drama must be freed from the dominance of the

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newspaper train; whether the critic write weekly, or the curtain be raised earlier on first nights, or the system of the *répétition générale* be instituted, somehow must be changed the intolerable tyranny under which the critic damns in a harassed hour the dramatist's creative labour of a year.

With these things changed, dramatic criticism may more readily be worthy of the advancing drama; but it must also cease to be tired. This attempt to estimate the critics in relation to the repertory system (which incidentally puts more work upon them) amounts to no sort of demand for an *a priori* approval of it. Bad plays may be badly presented at a repertory theatre, and good plays be well presented for a run. But in connection with the cleavage in the theatre, we are witnessing the interesting phenomenon of the growth of a public more ready in its appreciation of an advancing drama than are its appointed guides. Each repertory theatre in actual being is in direct contact with a public that is youthful and enthusiastic, and that knows for itself what it wants.

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Between this public and the new dramatist who is expert in self-explication the function of the critic tends to dwindle. No critic since Coleridge has made so considerable a contribution to the criticism of the theatre as is contained in the two short prefaces of J. M. Synge. The critic has himself to blame. There is a disposition on his part to think the importance of advance is being "very much exaggerated," to call in Aristotle or whosoever else will serve; in a word, to lean upon the theatrical system as it is—which after all butters *his* bread quite satisfactorily. Mr. Walkley in his evidence before the Censorship Committee gave so much of the case away. The Devil tempted him and he told the truth.

CONCLUSION

*Plays ought to be exhibited at the
expense of the State.* SMOLLETT

*It is only by a small circle resolutely
doing its own work that adequate
ideas will ever get current at all.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

MR. FROHMAN'S Repertory Theatre has been and—there is reason to fear—has gone. If it reopens for a second season it is likely to be on lines that have undergone modification, and modification not altogether in the directions advocated in the foregoing chapters. It may present Sir John Hare in a repertory of his plays, together with works by Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Maugham, and Mr. Sutro ; and these things, nicely alternated, will be admirable and enjoyable, and much superior to the entertainment provided at the ordinary theatre of commerce. But with the cessation of its association with the New dramatic movement, it loses much of its significance as a temple of the repertory idea. And further, it is hard to see what a repertory theatre will be doing with plays by Pinero, Barrie, Maugham,

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and Sutro, who are accustomed to find audience with the hundreds of thousands and not with the thousands, and are unlikely for long to submit to a diminution in royalties in a cause which may well appear quixotic and a little unreasoned.

The record of The Repertory Theatre, then, is already before us, its significance we have been able to estimate, and from it we may draw our conclusions.

The Repertory Theatre points forward, along two equally definite paths. Its failure to make a commercial profit—which we may go so far as to assume—points to endowment, and to the National Theatre. Its artistic achievement points to another repertory theatre by the enterprise of individuals, and after that another and another.

It is a step on the road. The seemly and requisite thing for the State to do is to elevate the drama above the chances of commerce, as Smollett in common with most thinking persons saw a century and a half ago, as nearly every European country has already done, and as this country will do in something much less than another cen-

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tury and a half. But the business of a National Theatre is primarily with the classical repertory of plays. Mr. Frohman's theatre, pointing as it does to endowment, points equally clearly along the path of individual experiment, which will always be the path of the advancing drama. The next step on this road is clear. A theatre combining reasonable convenience of site with a rent only moderately extortionate, foregoing the unnecessary complication of expensive stars, and keeping a clear eye on the public it would serve, may be set going in London to-morrow with satisfactory pecuniary profit. A certain definite public is now made familiar with the repertory idea, and to convert this public into a large, convinced, and permanent public for good drama is a mere matter of persistence—as by persistence Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Henry J. Wood succeeded in creating such a public for good music. The good playgoer will be created by good drama, but it is not to be forgotten that the good playgoer also exists and is only awaiting a theatre worth his while.

There is no virtue in a word ; as much in

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abracadabra as in "repertory," which has been written a great number of times in these pages, and is but a loose word at best. But the idea and the spirit have definite existence, and they are hastening the great day of the Renaissance of English Drama. Lamb, it will be remembered, wrote for antiquity. When Swinburne wrote plays it was with a view to their being acted at the Globe, the Red Bull, or the Blackfriars. The dramatists of to-day are writing for the repertory theatre of to-morrow. These are Dublin and Manchester and Glasgow. There are Stockport and Leeds and the societies, creating the ideal audience. In London, the Duke of York's has done its work; and there is Miss Kingston's Little Theatre doing the repertory idea some service pending the next bold step. The day of the good playgoer is at hand.

At the end of a survey such as this—not of one theatre alone, but incidentally of several—there must be the consciousness of inadequacy, of disproportion, and of a lack of justice done to this and to that admirable endeavour. But the intention

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of the book is clear. Do you know what it is to cast a despairing eye over the whole twenty-three of London's theatres, and to find nothing—positively nothing—that you wish to see? This book is written from the point of view of one who has suffered the experience, and by no means alone. It is written in celebration of a theatre which for a season made the experience impossible, and, at the same time, of the force now working in the theatre at large to bring such a state of affairs to an end.

APPENDIX ONE : THE DUKE OF YORK'S

A. THE PROGRAMMES

B. SEVENTEEN WEEKS' REPERTORY

C. SUMMARY OF PERFORMANCES

D. THE ACTING: AN ANALYSIS

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 21st, AT 8 O'CLOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

JUSTICE

A Tragedy in Four Acts by JOHN GALSWORTHY

Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER

JAMES HOW	-	-	-	SYDNEY VALENTINE
WALTER HOW	-	-	-	CHARLES MAUDE
ROBERT COKESON	-	-	-	EDMUND GWENN
WILLIAM FALDER	-	-	-	DENNIS EADIE
SWEEDLE	-	-	-	GEORGE HERSEE
WISTER	-	-	-	LESLIE CARTER
COWLEY	-	-	-	C. E. VERNON
THE JUDGE	-	-	-	DION BOUCICAULT
COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION	-	-	-	OSCAR ADYE
COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE	-	-	-	CHARLES BRYANT
THE CLERK OF ARRAIGNS	-	-	-	C. C. CALVERT
AN USHER	-	-	-	TALBOT HOMEWOOD
FOREMAN OF THE JURY	-	-	-	R. OSSULTON-RICHE
THE GOVERNOR OF THE PRISON	-	-	-	GRENDON BENTLEY
THE CHAPLAIN	-	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN
THE DOCTOR	-	-	-	LEWIS CASSON
THE CHIEF WARDER	-	-	-	FREDERICK LLOYD
A WARDER INSTRUCTOR	-	-	-	BENEDICT BUTLER
MOANEY	-	-	-	ROBERT PATEMAN
CLIPTON	-	-	-	O. P. HEGGIE
O'CLEARY	-	-	-	WHITFORD KANE
RUTH HONEYWILL	-	-	-	EDYTH OLIVE

A number of Barristers, Solicitors, Spectators, Ushers, Reporters,
Jury men, Warders and Prisoners.

Act I. - The Office of James & Walter How.
Morning. July.

Act II. - The Assizes.
Afternoon. October.

Act III. - A Prison.
Scene 1 The Governor's Office.
Scene 2 A Corridor.
Scene 3 A Cell.
December.

Act IV. - The Office of James & Walter How.
Morning. March, two years later.

The scenery designed by MACDONALD GILL and painted by
W. HANN.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd,
AT 8 O'CLOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

MISALLIANCE

A Debate, in One Sitting, by BERNARD SHAW

JOHN TARLETON, JUNIOR	-	-	FREDERICK LLOYD
BENTLEY SUMMERHAYS	-	-	DONALD CALTHROP
HYPATIA TARLETON	-	-	MIRIAM LEWES*
MRS. TARLETON	-	-	FLORENCE HAYDON
LORD SUMMERHAYS	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN
JOHN TARLETON	-	-	- C. M. LOWNE
JOSEPH PERCIVAL	-	-	CHARLES BRYANT
LINA SZCZEPANOWSKA	-	-	LENA ASHWELL
JULIUS BAKER	-	-	- O. P. HEGGIE

As the debate is a long one, the curtain will be lowered twice. The audience is requested to excuse these interruptions, which are made solely for its convenience.

The debate takes place at the house of John Tarleton, on Hindhead, Surrey, on the 31st May, 1909.

THE PLAY PRODUCED BY THE AUTHOR.

* For the 9th, 10th, and 11th performances, the part was played by Miss Mona Limerick.

TUESDAY, MARCH 1st, AT 8.30

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

OLD FRIENDS

A Play, in One Act, by J. M. BARRIE

Produced by DION BOUCICAULT

STEPHEN BRAND	-	-	-	SYDNEY VALENTINE
MRS. BRAND	-	-	-	LENA ASHWELL
CARRY	-	-	-	DOROTHY MINTO
REV. J. CARROLL	-	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN

THE SENTIMENTALISTS

An Unfinished Comedy by GEORGE MEREDITH

Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER

HOMEWARE	-	-	-	-	DENNIS EADIE
ARDEN	-	-	-	-	CHARLES MAUDE
SWYTHIN	-	-	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN
OSIER	-	-	-	-	LEWIS CASSON
PROFESSOR SPIRAL	-	-	-	-	C. E. VERNON
ASTRÆA	-	-	-	-	FAY DAVIS
LYRA	-	-	-	-	MARY JERROLD
DAME DRESDEN	-	-	-	-	MAY WHITTY
VIRGINIA	-	-	-	-	PENELOPE WHEELER
WINIFRED	-	-	-	-	SYBIL THORNDIKE
LADY OLDLACE	-	-	-	-	EVA KILLICK

A Garden - The first scene in the morning.
The second in the evening.

The Dresses designed by WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.

The Scene designed by NORMAN WILKINSON and painted by
W. T. HEMSLEY.

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK

A Comedy, in One Act, by J. M. BARRIE

Produced by DION BOUCICAULT

SIR HARRY SIMS	-	-	-	EDMUND GWENN
LADY SIMS	-	-	-	MARY BARTON
KATE	-	-	-	LENA ASHWELL
TOMBS	-	-	-	CHARLES CALVERT

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9th, AT 8 O'CLOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

THE MADRAS HOUSE

A Comedy, in Four Acts, by GRANVILLE BARKER

Produced by the Author

HENRY HUXTABLE	-	-	E. W. GARDEN
CATHERINE HUXTABLE	-	-	FLORENCE HAYDON
LAURA HUXTABLE	-	-	ADA MARIUS
MINNIE HUXTABLE	-	-	ELIZABETH CHESNEY
CLARA HUXTABLE	-	-	JOY CHATWYN
JULIA HUXTABLE	-	-	VICTORIA ADDISON
EMMA HUXTABLE	-	-	SYBIL THORNDIKE
JANE HUXTABLE	-	-	NELL CARTER
MAJOR HIPPISEY THOMAS	-	-	CHARLES BRYANT
PHILIP MADRAS	-	-	DENNIS EADIE
JESSICA MADRAS	-	-	FAY DAVIS
CONSTANTINE MADRAS	-	-	SYDNEY VALENTINE
AMELIA MADRAS	-	-	MAY WHITTY
EUSTACE PERRIN STATE	-	-	ARTHUR WHITBY
MARION YATES	-	-	MARY JERROLD
MR. BRIGSTOCK	-	-	LEWIS CASSON
MRS. BRIGSTOCK	-	-	MARY BARTON
MISS CHANCELLOR	-	-	GERALDINE OLLIFFE
MR. WINDLESHAM	-	-	CHARLES MAUDE
MR. BELHAVEN	-	-	DONALD CALTHROP
THREE MANNEQUINS	}	-	ASTA FLEMING
		-	MAIR VAUGHAN
		-	MARY BRENDA
A MAID AT DENMARK HILL	-	-	MILLIE EMDEN
A MAID AT PHILLIMORE GARDENS	-	-	EVANGELINE HILLIARD

Act I.	-	-	Denmark Hill
Act II.	-	-	Roberts & Huxtable's
Act III.	-	-	The Madras House.
Act IV.	-	-	Phillimore Gardens.

The Scenery designed by KEITH HENDERSON and NORMAN
WILKINSON, and painted by W. HANN.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5th, AT 8 OCLOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"

A Comedietta, in Four Acts, by ARTHUR PINERO

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

THEATRICAL FOLK.

JAMES TELFER	} of the Bagnigge- Wells Theatre	{	SYDNEY VALENTINE
MRS. TELFER (Miss Violet Sylvester)			MARIE SAKER
AUGUSTUS COLPOYS			EDMUND GWENN
FERDINAND GADD			GERALD LAWRENCE
TOM WRENCH			DENNIS EADIE
AVONIA BUNN			HILDA TREVELYAN
ROSE TRELAWNY			IRENE VANBRUGH
IMOGEN PARROTT - (of the Royal Olympic Theatre)			FAY DAVIS
O'DWYER (Prompter at the Pantheon Theatre)			WHITFORD KANE
MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY OF THE PANTHEON THEATRE		{	C. C. VERNON, LEWIS CASSON
		{	EVA KILLICK, MAIR VAUGHAN
HALL-KEEPER AT THE PANTHEON	-	-	R. O. RICHE

NON-THEATRICAL FOLK

VICE-CHANCELLOR SIR WILLIAM GOWER, KT.	-	DION BOUCICAULT
MISS TRAFALGAR GOWER	- (Sir William's Sister)	- MAY WHITTY
ARTHUR GOWER	} (his Grandchildren)	{ CHARLES MAUDE
CLARA DE FENIX		
CAPTAIN DE FENIX	- (Clara's Husband)	- O. P. HEGGIE
MRS. MOSSOP	- - -	FLORENCE HAYDON
MR. ABLETT	- - -	E. W. GARDEN
CHARLES	- - -	AUBREY FITZGERALD
SARAH	- - -	MARY JERROLD

- Act I. - Mr. and Mrs. Telfer's Lodgings at No. 2
Brydon Crescent, Clerkenwell. May.
- Act II. - At Sir William Gower's, in Cavendish
Square. June.
- Act III. - Again in Brydon Crescent. December.
- Act IV. - On the Stage of the Pantheon Theatre.
A few days later.

PERIOD—Somewhere in the Early 'Sixties.

The Costumes designed by PERCY ANDERSON

NOTE—BAGNIGGE- (locally pronounced Bagnidge) WELLS—formerly a popular mineral spring in Islington, London—is situated not far from the better remembered Sadler's-Wells. The Gardens of Bagnigge-Wells were at one time much resorted to; but, as a matter of fact, Bagnigge-Wells, unlike Sadler's-Wells, has never possessed a play-house. Sadler's-Wells Theatre, however—always familiarly known as the "Wells"—still exists. It was rebuilt in 1876-77.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13th, AT 8.15

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

PRUNELLA

A Pierrot Play, in Three Acts, by

LAURENCE HOUSMAN and GRANVILLE BARKER

The Music by JOSEPH MOORAT

Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER

PIERROT	-	-	-	-	CHARLES MAUDE
SCARAMEL	-	-	-	-	ARTHUR WHITBY
KENNEL	-	-	-	-	O. P. HEGGIE
CALLOW	-	-	-	-	HAROLD CHAPIN
MOUTH	-	-	-	-	FREDERICK LLOYD
HAWK	-	-	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN
DOLL	-	-	-	-	MARY JERROLD
TAWDRY	-	-	-	-	EVANGELINE HILLIARD
COQUETTE	-	-	-	-	NELL CARTER
ROMP	-	-	-	-	SYBIL THORNDIKE
PRIM	-	-	-	-	FLORENCE HAYDON
PRIVACY	-	-	-	-	PENELOPE WHEELER
PRUDE	-	-	-	-	AGNES HILL
QUEER	-	-	-	-	ADA MARIUS
QUAINT	-	-	-	-	MARY BARTON
FIRST GARDENER	-	-	-	-	WHITFORD KANE
SECOND GARDENER	-	-	-	-	LESLIE CARTER
THIRD GARDENER	-	-	-	-	E. W. GARDEN
BOY	-	-	-	-	DONALD CALTHROP
STATUE OF LOVE	-	-	-	-	LEWIS CASSON
PRUNELLA	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY MINTO
CONDUCTOR	-	-	-	-	THEODORE STIER
Scene	-	-	-	-	A Dutch Garden.

The Mummers' costumes designed by PAMELA COLMAN SMITH
and made by LORNA BURN-MURDOCH.

NOTE.—*Prunella* was followed by Mr. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look* with cast as given on page 211, except that on and after April 18 Miss Ashwell's part was played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan.

TUESDAY, MAY 3rd, AT 9

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

HELENA'S PATH

A Comedy, in Three Acts, by

ANTHONY HOPE and COSMO GORDON LENNOX

Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER

LORD LYNBOROUGH	-	-	-	CHARLES BRYANT
ROGER WILBRAHAM	-	-	-	CHARLES MAUDE
LEONARD STABB	-	-	-	ARTHUR WHITBY
MR. STILLFORD	-	-	-	O. P. HEGGIE
COL. WENMAN	-	-	-	FREDERICK LLOYD
JOHN GOODENOUGH	-	-	-	LESLIE CARTER
MR. PETERS	-	-	-	WHITFORD KANE
GREEN	-	-	-	C. E. VERNON
A PHOTOGRAPHER	-	-	-	W. WILLIAMS
A YOKEL	-	-	-	E. SIDNEY
FOOTMAN AT NAB GRANGE	-	-	-	HAROLD CHAPIN
THE MARCHESA DI SAN SERVULO	-	-	-	IRENE VANBRUGH
LADY NORAH MOUNTLIFFEY	-	-	-	MARY JERROLD
MISS GILLETSON	-	-	-	MARY BARTON

Acts I. and III. - The Boundary of the Nab Grange Estate.

Act II. - The Village Cricket-ground at Fillby.

Preceded at 8.30 by

THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK

A Comedy, in One Act, by J. M. BARRIE

Produced by DION BOUCICAULT

SIR HARRY SIMS	-	-	-	EDMUND GWENN
LADY SIMS	-	-	-	MARY BARTON
KATE	-	-	-	HILDA TREVELYAN
TOMBES	-	-	-	CHARLES CALVERT

TUESDAY, MAY 17th, AT 8.30

CHARLES FROHMAN PRESENTS

CHAINS

A Play, in Four Acts, by ELIZABETH BAKER

Produced by DION BOUCICAULT

CHARLIE WILSON	-	-	-	-	DENNIS EADIE
FRED TENNENT	-	-	-	-	FREDERICK LLOYD
MORTON LESLIE	-	-	-	-	ARTHUR WHITBY
PERCY MASSEY	-	-	-	-	DONALD CALTHROP
ALFRED MASSEY	-	-	-	-	EDMUND GWENN
WALTER FOSTER	-	-	-	-	HUBERT HARBEN
FENWICK	-	-	-	-	LEWIS CASSON
LILY WILSON	-	-	-	-	HILDA TREVELYAN
MAGGIE MASSEY	-	-	-	-	SYBIL THORNDIKE
MRS. MASSEY	-	-	-	-	FLORENCE HAYDON
SYBIL FROST	-	-	-	-	DOROTHY MINTO

Acts I., II. and IV. Charlie Wilson's House, 55 Acacia
Avenue, Hammersmith.

Act III. Alfred Massey's House, Chiswick.

APPENDIX ONE

SEVENTEEN WEEKS' REPERTORY

NOTE. When a play is performed for the first time, its name is printed in heavy type; when for the last time, in italics.

Feb. 21	Mon.	Justice
22	Tues.	Justice
23	Wed.	Misalliance
24	Thur. (<i>Mat.</i>)	Justice
24	Thur.	Justice
25	Fri.	Misalliance
26	Sat. (<i>Mat.</i>)	Misalliance
26	Sat.	Justice
28	Mon.	Misalliance
Mar. 1	Tues.	Triple Bill
		Old Friends
		The Sentimentalists
		The Twelve-Pound Look
2	Wed.	Justice
3	Thur. (<i>Mat.</i>)	Justice
3	Thur.	Triple Bill
4	Fri.	Misalliance
5	Sat. (<i>Mat.</i>)	Triple Bill
5	Sat.	Misalliance
7	Mon.	Triple Bill
8	Tues.	Misalliance
9	Wed.	The Madras House
10	Thur. (<i>Mat.</i>)	Misalliance
10	Thur.	Justice
11	Fri.	Justice
12	Sat. (<i>Mat.</i>)	The Madras House
12	Sat.	Triple Bill
14	Mon.	The Madras House
15	Tues.	Justice
16	Wed.	Misalliance

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

Mar. 17	Thur.(Mat.)	<i>Triple Bill</i>
		<i>Old Friends</i>
		<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
		<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>
17	Thur.	Misalliance
18	Fri.	The Madras House
19	Sat. (Mat.)	Justice
19	Sat.	The Madras House
21	Mon.	Justice
22	Tues.	The Madras House
23	Wed.	Justice
24	Thur.(Mat.)	The Madras House
24	Thur.	Justice
25	Fri.	No performance (Good Friday)
26	Sat. (Mat.)	Justice
26	Sat.	Justice
28	Mon.	Justice
29	Tue.	The Madras House
30	Wed.	Justice
31	Thur.(Mat.)	<i>Misalliance</i>
31	Thur.	The Madras House
Apl. 1	Fri	Justice
2	Sat. (Mat.)	Justice
2	Sat.	Justice
4	Mon.	<i>The Madras House</i>
5	Tue.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
6	Wed.	Justice
7	Thur.(Mat.)	Justice
7	Thur.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
8	Fri.	Justice
9	Sat. (Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
9	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
11	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
12	Tue.	Justice
13	Wed.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
14	Thur.(Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
14	Thur.	<i>Justice</i>

APPENDIX ONE

Apl.	15	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	16	Sat. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	16	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	18	Mon.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	19	Tue.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	20	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	21	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	21	Thur.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	22	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	23	Sat. (Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	23	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	25	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	26	Tues.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	27	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	28	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	28	Thur.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	29	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	30	Sat. (Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	30	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
May	2	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	3	Tues.	Helena's Path and The Twelve-Pound Look
	4	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	5	Thur. (Mat.)	Helena's Path and The Twelve-Pound Look
	5	Thur.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	6	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	7	Sat. (Mat.)	No performance (King's Death)
	7	Sat.	" "
	9	Mon.	" "
	10	Tue.	" "
	11	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	12	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
	12	Thur.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	13	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	14	Sat. (Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
	14	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

May 16	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
17	Tues.	Chains
18	Wed.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
19	Thur. (Mat.)	Chains
19	Thur.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
20	Fri.	No performance (King's Funeral)
21	Sat. (Mat.)	Trelawny of the "Wells"
21	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
23	Mon.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
24	Tues.	Chains
25	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
26	Thur. (Mat.)	Chains
26	Thur.	Chains
27	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
28	Sat. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
28	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
30	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
31	Tues.	Chains
June 1	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
2	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
2	Thur.	Chains
3	Fri.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
4	Sat. (Mat.)	Chains
4	Sat.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
6	Mon.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
7	Tues.	(<i>Prof. Mat.</i>) Chains
7	Tues.	Chains
8	Wed.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
9	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
9	Thur.	Trelawny of the "Wells"
10	Fri.	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
11	Sat. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
11	Sat.	Chains
13	Mon.	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
14	Tues.	Chains
15	Wed.	Chains
16	Thur. (Mat.)	Prunella and The Twelve-Pound Look
16	Thur.	Chains
17	Fri.	Chains

THE REPERTORY THEATRE: SUMMARY OF PERFORMANCES

Week ending....	Feb. 26	March				April				May				June				Total Number of Per- formances
		5	12	19	26	2	9	16	23	30	7	14	21	28	4	11	17	
JUSTICE	5	2	2	2	5	5	3	2										26
MISALLIANCE	3	3	2	2		1												11
TRIPLE BILL																		6
OLD FRIENDS	3	2	2	1														
THE SENTIMENTALISTS																		
THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK*																		
MADRAS HOUSE			2	3	2	2	1											10
TRELAWNY OF THE "WELLS"						4	4	6	6	3	5	3	3	4	4			42
PRUNELLA							2	2	2	1	1	2	2	1	2	2		17
HELENA'S PATH											2							2
CHAINS†												2	3	3	2	4		14
																		128
																		Grand Total

* *The Twelve-Pound Look* was also given with *Prunella* for 17 performances, and with *Helena's Path* for 2 performances, making a total of 25 performances.

† A professional matinée of *Chains* given on June 7 is not included in the table.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

THE ACTING AT THE REPERTORY THEATRE : AN ANALYSIS

CHARLES MAUDE (Six Parts)

Walter How	<i>Justice</i>
Arden	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Mr. Windlesham	<i>The Madras House</i>
Arthur Gower	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Pierrot	<i>Prunella</i>
Roger Wilbraham	<i>Helena's Path</i>

DENNIS EADIE (Five Parts)

William Falder	<i>Justice</i>
Homeware	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Philip Madras	<i>The Madras House</i>
Tom Wrench	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Charlie Wilson	<i>Chains</i>

FLORENCE HAYDON (Five Parts)

Mrs. Tarleton	<i>Misalliance</i>
Catherine Huxtable	<i>The Madras House</i>
Mrs. Mossop	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Prim	<i>Prunella</i>
Mrs. Massey	<i>Chains</i>

MARY JERROLD (Five Parts)

Lyra	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Marion Yates	<i>The Madras House</i>
Sarah	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Doll	<i>Prunella</i>
Lady Norah Mount- liffey	<i>Helena's Path</i>

APPENDIX ONE

LEWIS CASSON (Five Parts)*

The Doctor	<i>Justice</i>
Osier	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Mr. Brigstock	<i>The Madras House</i>
Statue of Love	<i>Prunella</i>
Fenwick	<i>Chains</i>

HUBERT HARBEN (Five Parts)†

The Chaplain	<i>Justice</i>
Lord Summerhays	<i>Misalliance</i>
Rev. J. Carroll	<i>Old Friends</i>
Swythin	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Walter Foster	<i>Chains</i>

O. P. HEGGIE (Five Parts)

Clipton	<i>Justice</i>
Julius Baker	<i>Misalliance</i>
Captain de Fœnix	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Kennel	<i>Prunella</i>
Mr. Stillford	<i>Helena's Path</i>

FREDERICK LLOYD (Five Parts)

The Chief Warder	<i>Justice</i>
John Tarleton, Jnr.	<i>Misalliance</i>
Mouth	<i>Prunella</i>
Col. Wenman	<i>Helena's Path</i>
Fred Tennant	<i>Chains</i>

* Mr. Casson also played as member of the Company of the Pantheon Theatre in *Trelawny of the "Wells."*

† Mr. Harben also played Hawk in *Prunella*.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

MARY BARTON (Four Parts)

Lady Sims	<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>
Mrs. Brigstock	<i>The Madras House</i>
Quaint	<i>Prunella</i>
Miss Gilletson	<i>Helena's Path</i>

CHARLES BRYANT (Four Parts)

Counsel for the De-	
fence	<i>Justice</i>
Joseph Percival	<i>Misalliance</i>
Major Hippisley	
Thomas	<i>The Madras House</i>
Lord Lynborough	<i>Helena's Path</i>

DONALD CALTHROP (Four Parts)

Bentley Summerhays	<i>Misalliance</i>
Mr. Belhaven	<i>The Madras House</i>
Boy	<i>Prunella</i>
Percy Massey	<i>Chains</i>

EDMUND GWENN (Four Parts)

Robert Cokeson	<i>Justice</i>
Sir Harry Sims	<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>
Augustus Colpoys	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Alfred Massey	<i>Chains</i>

SYBIL THORNDIKE (Four Parts)

Winifred	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Emma Huxtable	<i>The Madras House</i>
Romp	<i>Prunella</i>
Maggie Massey	<i>Chains</i>

APPENDIX ONE

SYDNEY VALENTINE (Four Parts)

James How	<i>Justice</i>
Stephen Brand	<i>Old Friends</i>
Constantine Madras	<i>The Madras House</i>
James Telfer	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>

ARTHUR WHITBY (Four Parts)

Eustace Perrin State	<i>The Madras House</i>
Scaramel	<i>Prunella</i>
Leonard Stabb	<i>Helena's Path</i>
Morton Leslie	<i>Chains</i>

LENA ASHWELL (Three Parts)

Lina Szczepanowska	<i>Misalliance</i>
Mrs. Brand	<i>Old Friends</i>
Kate	<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>

NELL CARTER (Three Parts)

Jane Huxtable	<i>The Madras House</i>
Clara de Fœnix	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Coquette	<i>Prunella</i>

FAY DAVIS (Three Parts)

Astræa	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Jessica Madras	<i>The Madras House</i>
Imogen Parrott	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>

E. W. GARDEN (Three Parts)

Henry Huxtable	<i>The Madras House</i>
Mr. Ablett	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Third Gardener	<i>Prunella</i>

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

DOROTHY MINTO (Three Parts)

Carry	<i>Old Friends</i>
Prunella	<i>Prunella</i>
Sybil Frost	<i>Chains</i>

HILDA TREVELYAN (Three Parts)

Avonia Bunn	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
Kate	<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>
Lily Wilson	<i>Chains</i>

MAY WHITTY (Three Parts)

Dame Dresden	<i>The Sentimentalists</i>
Amelia Madras	<i>The Madras House</i>
Miss Trafalgar Gower	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>

DION BOUCICAULT (Two Parts)

The Judge	<i>Justice</i>
Sir William Gower	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>

IRENE VANBRUGH (Two Parts)

Rose Trelawny	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
The Marchesa di San Servola	<i>Helena's Path</i>

AUBREY FITZGERALD (One Part)

Charles	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
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GERALD LAWRENCE (One Part)

Ferdinand Gadd	<i>Trelawny of the "Wells"</i>
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MIRIAM LEWES and

MONA LIMERICK (One Part)

Hypatia Tarleton	<i>Misalliance</i>
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APPENDIX ONE

C. M. LOWNE (One Part)

John Tarleton *Misalliance*

EDYTH OLIVE (One Part)

Ruth Honeywill *Justice*

MARIE SAKER (One Part)

Mrs. Telfer *Trelawny of the "Wells"*

APPENDIX TWO : OTHER REPERTORY THEATRES

A. THEIR REPERTORIES

B. SPECIMEN WEEKS

PLAYS PRODUCED BY THE
 ABBEY THEATRE COMPANY
 AND ITS PREDECESSORS

NEW PLAYS

<i>The Countess Cathleen</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>Kathleen Ni Houlihan</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>A Pot of Broth</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>The Hour Glass</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>The King's Threshold</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>The Shadowy Waters</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>On Baile's Strand</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>Deirdre</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>The Golden Helmet</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>The Green Helmet</i>	W. B. Yeats
<i>Diarmuid and Grania</i>	W. B. Yeats and George Moore
<i>The Bending of the Bough</i>	George Moore
<i>The Unicorn from the Stars</i>	W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory
<i>Twenty-Five</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>Spreading the News</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>Kincora</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The White Cockade</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>Hyacinth Halvey</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Gaol Gate</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Canavans</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Jackdaw</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Rising of the Moon</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Workhouse Ward</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>The Image</i>	Lady Gregory
<i>In the Shadow of the Glen</i>	J. M. Synge
<i>Riders to the Sea</i>	J. M. Synge
<i>The Well of the Saints</i>	J. M. Synge

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

<i>The Playboy of the Western World</i>	J. M. Synge
<i>Deirdre of the Sorrows</i>	J. M. Synge
<i>Broken Soil</i>	Padraic Colum
<i>The Land</i>	Padraic Colum
<i>Thomas Muskerry</i>	Padraic Colum
<i>The Building Fund</i>	William Boyle
<i>The Eloquent Dempsy</i>	William Boyle
<i>The Mineral Workers</i>	William Boyle
<i>The Piper</i>	Norreys Connell
<i>Time</i>	Norreys Connell
<i>An Imaginary Conversation</i>	Norreys Connell
<i>The Clancy Name</i>	S. L. Robinson
<i>The Cross Roads</i>	S. L. Robinson
<i>Harvest</i>	S. L. Robinson
<i>The Sleep of the King</i>	Seumas O'Cuisin
<i>The Racing Lug</i>	Seumas O'Cuisin
<i>The Man Who Missed the Tide</i>	W. F. Casey
<i>The Suburban Groove</i>	W. F. Casey
<i>The Heather Field</i>	Edward Martyn
<i>Maeve</i>	Edward Martyn
<i>The Eyes of the Blind</i>	W. M. Letts
<i>The Challenge</i>	W. M. Letts
<i>The Country Dressmaker</i>	G. Fitzmaurice
<i>The Pie-dish</i>	G. Fitzmaurice
<i>The Last Feast of the Fianna</i>	Alice Milligan
<i>Deirdre</i>	"A. E."
<i>The Twisting of the Rope</i>	Douglas Hyde
<i>The Laying of the Foundations</i>	Fred Ryan
<i>The Townland of Tamney</i>	Seumas McManus
<i>Fand</i>	Wilfrid Scawen Blunt
<i>When the Dawn is Come</i>	Thomas MacDonagh
<i>Stephen Grey</i>	D. L. Kelleher
<i>The Glittering Gate</i>	Lord Dunsany

APPENDIX TWO

The White Feather

R. J. Ray

The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet

Bernard Shaw

TRANSLATIONS

The Doctor in Spite of Himself

Molière, *Trans.* Lady Gregory

The Rogueries of Scapin

Molière, *Trans.* Lady Gregory

The Miser

Molière, *Trans.* Lady Gregory

Interior

Maeterlinck

Teja

Sudermann, *Trans.* Lady Gregory

Mirandolina

Goldoni, *Trans.* Lady Gregory

PLAYS PRODUCED BY THE GAIETY THEATRE

NEW PLAYS

David Ballard

Charles McEvoy

When the Devil was Ill

Charles McEvoy

The Three Barrows

Charles McEvoy

Lucifer

Charles McEvoy

His Helpmate

Charles McEvoy

Gentlemen of the Road

Charles McEvoy

Cupid and the Styx

J. Sackville Martin

A Question of Property

J. Sackville Martin

The Purse of Gold

J. Sackville Martin

Woman's Rights

J. Sackville Martin

The Few and the Many

H. M. Richardson

Bringing it Home

H. M. Richardson

Going on Parade

H. M. Richardson

Marriages are made in Heaven

Basil Dean

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

<i>Mother to Be</i>	Basil Dean
<i>Reaping the Whirlwind</i>	Allen Monkhouse
<i>The Choice</i>	Allen Monkhouse
<i>The Dear Departed</i>	Stanley Houghton
<i>Independent Means</i>	Stanley Houghton
<i>Makeshifts</i>	G. L. Robins
<i>The Feud</i>	Edward Garnett
<i>The Doorway</i>	Harold Brighouse
<i>Trespassers will be Prosecuted</i>	M. A. Arabian
<i>The Dove Uncaged</i>	E. Hamilton Moor
<i>Before the Dawn</i>	Leonard Kampf
<i>The Tallyman</i>	Edward A. Parry
<i>Red 'Ria</i>	Gertrude and Jack Landa
<i>Subsidence</i>	Fred E. Wynne

REVIVED MODERN PLAYS

<i>Widowers' Houses</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>Candida</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>Press Cuttings</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>The Silver Box</i>	John Galsworthy
<i>Strife</i>	John Galsworthy
<i>Justice</i>	John Galsworthy
<i>The Return of the Prodigal</i>	St. John Hankin
<i>The Charity that Began at Home</i>	St. John Hankin
<i>The Great Silence</i>	Basil Hood
<i>Clothes and the Woman</i>	George Paston
<i>The Subjection of Kezia</i>	Mrs. Havelock Ellis
<i>The Amateur Socialist</i>	W. Kingsley Tarpey
<i>The Tragedy of Nan</i>	John Masefield
<i>Unemployed</i>	Margaret M. Mack
<i>The Searchlight</i>	Mrs. W. K. Clifford
<i>Cupid and Commonsense</i>	Arnold Bennett
<i>The Voysey Inheritance</i>	Granville Barker

APPENDIX TWO

TRANSLATIONS

<i>The Vale of Content</i>	Sudermann
<i>Midsummer Fires</i>	Sudermann
<i>The Fantasticks</i>	Rostand
<i>Interior</i>	Maeterlinck
<i>An Enemy of the People</i>	Ibsen

CLASSICS

<i>The Knight of the Burning Pestle</i>	Beaumont and Fletcher
<i>Much Ado about Nothing</i>	Shakespeare
<i>Every Man in his Humour</i>	Ben Jonson
<i>The Critic</i>	Sheridan
<i>The Hippolytus</i> of Euripides	Trans. Gilbert Murray

PLAYS PRODUCED BY THE SCOTTISH REPERTORY THEATRE

NEW PLAYS

<i>Barbara Grows Up</i>	G. J. Hamlen
<i>The Truth about De Courcy</i>	G. J. Hamlen
<i>How Cottle Fell from Grace</i>	G. J. Hamlen
<i>Dealing in Futures</i>	Harold Brighouse
<i>The Price of Coal</i>	Harold Brighouse
<i>The White Dove</i>	Richard H. Powell
<i>The Convenient Lover</i>	Catherine Roxburgh
<i>Whose Zoo</i>	Robert Bankier
<i>Macpherson</i>	Neil Munro
<i>The Suffragette's Redemption</i>	Inglis Allen
<i>The Excelsior Dawsons</i>	R. K. Risk
<i>Coming Home</i>	Mary O'Neill
<i>Our First Dinner</i>	Florence Lloyd

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

The Last Man In
Jean
Oh! Christina!

W. B. Maxwell
 Donald Colquhoun
 J. J. Bell and L. Therval

REVIVED MODERN PLAYS

<i>How He Lied to Her Husband</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>The Man of Destiny</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>You Never Can Tell</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>Arms and the Man</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>Candida</i>	Bernard Shaw
<i>Strife</i>	John Galsworthy
<i>Justice</i>	John Galsworthy
<i>Cupid and Commonsense</i>	Arnold Bennett
<i>What the Public Wants</i>	Arnold Bennett
<i>The Voysey Inheritance</i>	Granville Barker
<i>Prunella</i>	Granville Barker, Laurence Housman and Joseph Moorat
<i>Cousin Kate</i>	H. H. Davies
<i>Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace</i>	H. H. Davies
<i>Admiral Guinea</i>	W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson
<i>The Fountain</i>	George Calderon
<i>Lanval</i>	T. E. Ellis
<i>The Palace of Truth</i>	Sir W. S. Gilbert
<i>The Tragedy of Nan</i>	John Masefield
<i>The Cassilis Engagement</i>	St. John Hankin
<i>Lady Windermere's Fan</i>	Oscar Wilde
<i>The Falcon</i>	Lord Tennyson
<i>Dandy Dick</i>	Sir Arthur Pinero
<i>Tilda's New Hat</i>	George Paston
<i>Augustus in Search of a Father</i>	Harold Chapin
<i>The American Widow</i>	Rosina Filippi
<i>His Excellency the Governor</i>	Captain Robert Marshall

APPENDIX TWO

<i>The Drums of Oude</i>	Austin Strong
<i>The Twelve-Pound Look</i>	J. M. Barrie

TRANSLATIONS

<i>An Enemy of the People</i>	Ibsen
<i>The Seagull</i>	
Anton Tchekov, <i>Trans. by</i> George Calderon	

CLASSIC

<i>The Man of the World</i>	Charles Macklin
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SPECIMEN WEEKS THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE

EIGHT PERFORMANCES—FIVE BILLS

1909.

July 18. Sunday (*Mat. gratuite*). *Bérénice* (Racine, five act tragedy in verse) and *L'Étourdi* (Molière, five act comedy in verse).

(Evening) *La Parisienne* (Becque, three act comedy); *La Veille du Bonheur* (de Nion and de Buysieulx, one act comedy); and *Le Stradivarius* (Maurey, one act comedy).

July 19. Monday. *La Rencontre* (Berton).

July 20. Tuesday. *Hamlet*.

July 21. Wednesday. *La Rencontre*.

July 22. Thursday. *Hamlet*.

July 23. Friday. *Le Demi-monde* (Dumas fils).

July 24. Saturday. *La Rencontre*.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

TEN PERFORMANCES—NINE BILLS

1990.

October 31. Sunday (*Mat.*). *La Robe rouge* (Brieux).
(Evening) *La Fille de Roland* (Bornier, four act
verse drama).

November 1. Monday (*Mat.*). *Gringoire* (Banville,
one act comedy) and *L'Honneur et l'argent*
(Ponsard, five act comedy in verse).
(Evening) *La Rencontre*.

November 2. Tuesday. *L'Amour veille* (de Caillavet
and de Flers, four act comedy).

November 3. *Le Baiser* (Banville, one act comedy in
verse) and *Connais-toi* (Hervieu).

November 4. Thursday (*Mat.*). *Chez l'avocat* (Ferrier,
one act comedy in verse), *Les Brebis de Panurge*
(Meilhac and Halévy, one act comedy) and *Le*
Barbier de Séville (Beaumarchais, four act comedy).
(Evening) *La Robe rouge*.

November 5. Friday. *Le Demi-monde*.

November 6. Saturday. *Vincenette* (Barbier, one act
verse drama) and *Connais-toi*.

THE ABBEY THEATRE

FOUR WEEKS' REPERTORY (COURT THEATRE,
JUNE 1910). THIRTY-TWO PERFORMANCES
—TWENTY PLAYS—SIXTEEN BILLS

Monday } *Deirdre of the Sorrows* and *Hyacinth Halvey*.
Tuesday }
Wednesday (*Mat.*). *Deirdre of the Sorrows* and
Hyacinth Halvey.

APPENDIX TWO

Wednesday } *The Image* and *The Workhouse Ward*.
Thursday }
Friday } *Kathleen Ni Houlihan*, *The Playboy of*
Saturday (*Mat.*) } *the Western World*, and *The Work-*
Saturday } *house Ward*.

Monday. *The Eloquent Dempsy* and *The Glittering Gate*.

Tuesday. *Harvest* and *The Workhouse Ward*.

Wednesday (*Mat.*). *The Playboy of the Western World* and *The Glittering Gate*.

Wednesday. *Harvest* and *The Workhouse Ward*.

Thursday. *The Eloquent Dempsy* and *The Glittering Gate*.

Friday }
Saturday (*Mat.*) } *Thomas Muskerri* and *The Jackdaw*.
Saturday }

Monday } *Riders to the Sea* and *The Playboy of the*
Tuesday } *Western World*.

Wednesday (*Mat.*). *The Image* and *Hyacinth Halvey*.

Wednesday. *Riders to the Sea* and *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Thursday. *Harvest* and *The Workhouse Ward*.

Friday. *Kathleen Ni Houlihan*, *In the Shadow of the Glen*, *The King's Threshold*, and *The Rising of the Moon*.

Saturday (*Mat.*) } *The Building Fund* and *The King's*
Saturday } *Threshold*.

Monday. *The Jackdaw*, *The Cross Roads*, and *The Workhouse Ward*.

Tuesday. *The Rising of the Moon*, *In the Shadow of the Glen*, *The Gaol Gate*, and *Spreading the News*.

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

Wednesday (Mat.). *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* and *The Playboy of the Western World*.

Wednesday. *The Image* and *The Green Helmet*.

Thursday. *The Rising of the Moon*, *In the Shadow of the Glen*, *The Gaol Gate*, and *Spreading the News*.

Friday. *The Image* and *The Green Helmet*.

Saturday (Mat.). *The Jackdaw*, *The Cross Roads*, and *The Workhouse Ward*.

Saturday. *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* and *The Playboy of the Western World*.

THE GAIETY THEATRE

THREE WEEKS' REPERTORY (CORONET THEATRE,
JUNE 1909). TWENTY-FOUR PERFORMANCES—
ELEVEN PLAYS

Monday. *Widowers' Houses*, by Bernard Shaw; and *The Dear Departed*, by Stanley Houghton.

Tuesday. *The Vale of Content* (Das Gluck im Winkel), by Sudermann; and *Makeshifts* by G. L. Robins.

Wednesday. *The Silver Box*, by John Galsworthy; and *The Few and the Many*, by H. M. Richardson.

Thursday. *The Three Barrows*, by Charles McEvoy.

Friday. *The Feud*, by Edward Garnett; and *The Doorway*, by Harold Brighouse.

Saturday (Mat.). *The Vale of Content*. (Evening) *Widowers' Houses*.

Monday. *When the Devil was Ill*, by Charles McEvoy.

Tuesday. *Widowers' Houses*, by Bernard Shaw.

Wednesday. *The Silver Box*, by John Galsworthy.

APPENDIX TWO

- Thursday. *The Feud*, by Edward Garnett.
Friday. *The Vale of Content*, by Sudermann.
Saturday (Mat.). *When the Devil was Ill*, by Charles McEvoy.
Saturday. *The Silver Box*, by John Galsworthy.
Monday. *David Ballard*, by Charles McEvoy.
Tuesday. *The Silver Box*, by John Galsworthy.
Wednesday. *The Vale of Content*, by Sudermann.
Thursday. *Widowers' Houses*, by Bernard Shaw.
Friday. *The Vale of Content*, by Sudermann.
Saturday (Mat.). *Widowers' Houses*, by Bernard Shaw.
Saturday. *Widowers' Houses*, by Bernard Shaw.

THE SCOTTISH REPERTORY THEATRE

CALENDAR, MAY 24, 1910.

- Monday }
Tuesday } *The Man of the World*, by Charles Macklin.
Wednesday. *Admiral Guinea*, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson.
Thursday. *Cupid and Commonsense*, by Arnold Bennett.
Friday } *You Never Can Tell*, by Bernard Shaw.
Saturday } *Whose Zoo*, by R. K. Risk (*a local revue*).

JANUARY 31, 1910.

- Monday }
Tuesday } *What the Public Wants*, by Arnold Bennett.
Wednesday }
Thursday }
Friday } *Arms and the Man*, by Bernard Shaw.
Saturday }

THE REPERTORY THEATRE

THE NEW THEATRE, NEW YORK

CALENDAR, FEBRUARY 21 TO MARCH 5
TWO WEEKS—TWENTY PERFORMANCES—TEN BILLS

Monday. *The School for Scandal.*

Tuesday (*Special Mat.*). *The Witch.*

Tuesday. *Il Maestro di Cappella* and *Alessandro Stradella* (*Operas*).

Wednesday (*Mat.*). *La Fille de Madame Angot* (*Opera*).

Wednesday. *Twelfth Night.*

Thursday (*Mat.*). *The Witch.*

Thursday. *The School for Scandal.*

Friday. *The Witch.*

Saturday (*Mat.*). *Twelfth Night.*

Saturday. *The Nigger.*

Monday. *A Son of the People* (*première*).

Tuesday. *A Son of the People.*

Wednesday (*Mat.*). *A Son of the People.*

Wednesday. *A Son of the People.*

Thursday (*Mat.*). *L'Attaque du Moulin* (*Opera*).

Thursday. *The School for Scandal.*

Friday (*Professional Mat.*). *Don.*

Friday. *Madame Butterfly* (*Opera*).

Saturday (*Mat.*). *Twelfth Night.*

Saturday. *Twelfth Night.*

Note.—The performances marked (*Opera*) in the above list are given by the Metropolitan Opera Company.

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